Doctor Who,
Episode 6.01:

"The Book of the World"

by
Lawrence Miles

(24/12/07)

1. EXT. F/X SHOT

Space. The traditional slow pan across the stars, ending with Earth, blue and shining against the dark. Over this, we hear the voice of CALUM: a boy, probably in his mid-teens, certainly no more than sixteen. He speaks as if he's narrating a story from a book.

CALUM [VO]: Once, there was a place that had only one past and only one future. And it was called "Earth", or "home", or just "the world".

We hurtle down towards the Earth, through the clouds, towards the cities, eventually hitting the ground in a flash of light that whites out the screen. A montage begins, scenes from the planet. Colossal, dinosaur-like digging-engines, great automated claws that rip up the ground; desert engineers in protective clothing; impossibly tall skyscrapers, reflecting the sun; oil, smoke, and occasional beauty.

CALUM [VO]: And the people of the world tore the metal out of the land, then built towers that let them reach the sky. They bred poisons in the earth and blotted out the sun, then made glittering machines to make up for what they'd lost.

The montage becomes less industrial, more urban. Glimpses of great cities and great architectures. Crowds of people, but distorted and out of focus, as if we're seeing all of this as an outsider. Marching feet in the streets of the world. Neon signs and digital images. Everything heading for the future.

CALUM [VO]: Because they knew that sooner or later, they'd leave this world. And they'd bring beauty and terror… glory and sadness… to all the *other* worlds.

Something changes. The crowds begin to slow. The feet stop. We see the blurred faces of city-people as they pause, and look up towards the sky, as if sensing that something's wrong.

CALUM [VO]: And then, one day… the Earth wasn't there any more.

Another flash, another white-out, dissolving the faces of the city-people.

Then we're back in space. But space is empty. We slow-pan again, finding no trace of the planet.

CALUM [VO]: It hadn't burned, or frozen, or been pulled out of its orbit. It simply wasn't there. Before its people had even learned to travel beyond their own moon, it had just… vanished.

As we pan, we become aware of other shapes in the darkness. Black objects against a black background, blotting out the stars. They might be spacecraft of some kind, but they're not familiar to us. The starlight falls across he occasional bone-like curve, although it's nothing we can get a grip on. The vessels are circling. Patrolling the area where the planet used to be.

CALUM [VO]: And the other worlds noticed this, and came to see what had happened. But none of them could explain it, or guess where the Earth had gone. And in the end, they decided that -

RUNCELL [VO]: *Calum!*

2. INT. LIBRARY SIDE-ROOM

A small room, so full of books that it might as well be made from them. Not only do the spines of old tomes seem to line the walls, but there are volumes piled up on the floor and on the few furnishings: this is an off-limits place, a place where books might be stored and sorted by

librarians. And if this is a library, then it's a *proper* library. Some of the books might be hundreds of years old, bound in leather, or even reptile-skin. The feel of dust and candle-wax, even though dust and candles are notably absent.

Behind a big wooden desk sits CALUM. Sure enough, he's in his mid-teens, dressed (rather uncomfortably) in maroon robes which are obviously some sort of uniform but almost monk-like in their appearance. Definitely the quiet type.

There's a small pile of books on the desk, and one worn-looking volume is open in front of him. As he hears his name being shouted, he hurriedly snaps it shut, thus ending the narrative. Then looks up, wide-eyed and rather guilty-looking.

Opposite him in the doorway is RUNCELL. A thin, bird-like man in his sixties, with half-moon spectacles on his nose. He's dressed in similar-but-not-identical robes to the boy, perhaps indicating a higher rank. He seems half-amused rather than angry.

RUNCELL: The books *aren't* for reading, Master Calum.

CALUM: Um… they're from one of the special collections. Histories. The Duenna wanted me to… er…

RUNCELL [sarcastic]: To memorise them for her?

CALUM squirms in his seat. He looks down, avoiding Runcell's gaze.

CALUM: She asked me to -

RUNCELL: *Asked* you?

CALUM: She told me to bring them up from the archive. She wants to present them at the reception -

RUNCELL: Which is…?

CALUM looks up, puzzled. Then realises. Turns his head.

Fixed into one wall, between the rows of books, is what might be a timepiece. Its face is a brass spiral rather than a disc, but each part of the spiral is marked off into numbered sections in a way that just screams "clock". It may even be ticking.

The implication is clear. Seeing the time, CALUM instantly panics. He jumps up from his seat, and starts scooping up the other books on the desk.

RUNCELL: More thoughtfulness, less thinking, Master Calum. Do you know what happened to the *last* junior librarian who kept the Duenna waiting…?

CALUM pauses. Looks at RUNCELL.

CALUM: Erm… no?

RUNCELL: No. *Neither do I*.

With that, he turns, and exits the room. CALUM watches him go, rather startled. Then goes back to the books, piling them all up in his arms, with the volume he was reading on the top. It's obviously quite a weight. Struggling a little, he leaves the room.

We follow him through the doorway, so we get the full effect as we move out of the little side-room and into the vastness of…

3. INT. THE LIBRARY

Dear God, it's big.

We - and therefore CALUM - are standing on a brass-railed balcony, overlooking what seems to be a vast cylindrical shaft, with no visible ceiling and no visible floor. This chasm must be a hundred yards from side to side, but every curve of every wall is stacked with books, just like the side-room. And we should be in no doubt that it could stretch for miles above us and below us. The walls are also lined with interconnecting balconies, though some of the books have been stored in such a way that they seem impossible to reach. The space has such a sense of scale that it even appears to have its own weather system, a thin mist hanging in the air. Shafts of light fall on the abyss as if it's shining through narrow windows, though no windows are ever seen.

The space in the middle of the shaft isn't empty. There are a few catwalks at irregular angles across the gulf, leading from one balcony to another, and small human figures can occasionally be seen crossing these pathways. More noticeably, though, there are the barges. Slim, boat-like vessels that drift slowly and mournfully through the air, these seem to be the only way of getting through the wide tunnel-openings that occasionally break up the Library's walls. The suggestion being that this isn't the *only* shaft. A senior librarian stands at the front of each barge, ferrying cargoes of books or passengers. But such is the size of this place that the barges aren't even the centre of our attention, just a minor detail.

CALUM begins to hurry along the balcony that curves around this side of the shaft, clutching the pile of books to his chest. A fast walk is the best he can manage.

As he walks, we become aware that someone's following him. We can see the hugeness of the Library behind him, and on the other side of the railing, a barge is drawing up alongside him.

Standing on the prow of the barge is MARISSA. Another junior librarian, of about the same age as CALUM, wearing identical robes and with her hair tightly-braided. Somewhat tougher and more worldly than he is. Her barge has no cargo, but in her hands is a long pole, which she slowly and rhythmically sweeps through the air as if she's punting through water.

CALUM notices the barge alongside him, but MARISSA doesn't stop, and he keeps hurrying along the balcony. He regards the vehicle with some surprise; she regards *him* with some cynicism.

MARISSA: *Please*, tell me you're not trying to get to the reception with those.

CALUM: You've got a barge…?

MARISSA: The new clients are coming through the gate in ten minutes. The Duenna's going to turn you into a bookmark if you're not there.

CALUM: Why have you got a barge?!?

MARISSA: Escort duty. The clients are getting a guided tour of the Library.

The barge is moving faster than CALUM, who has trouble keeping up with it.

CALUM: Oh. Um… can you give me a lift?

MARISSA: No, of course not. It wouldn't look dignified.

CALUM: I've got to get down three levels -

MARISSA: *Eight* levels. They're coming in through the Sideward Gate.

CALUM stops in his tracks. This just allows the barge to pull even further away from him.

CALUM: *Sideward*? I thought -

MARISSA: They changed it at the last minute. Didn't you see the announcement?

CALUM [floundering]: Well…

MARISSA: How come you read everything except the things you're *supposed* to read?

By now, the barge is some way ahead of him, so all we can see of MARISSA is the back of her head as she moves away: she's heading towards one of the tunnels in the wall of the Library, beyond the end of the balcony, where only barges can go. CALUM goes right up to the railing in order to call after her.

CALUM: I'll never get there in time!

MARISSA: "No junior librarians on the barges without special dispensation."

CALUM: Marissa…!

MARISSA: Rules are rules.

With that, the barge enters the tunnel, and she's out of range.

CALUM watches her go, mouth still open.

Then he just sighs, dejectedly.

It's only at this point that he seems to realise how close he is to the edge of the balcony. He turns his head, and looks down over the railing.

We see the chasm below from *his* POV: the great abyss of the Library, with no end in sight, the books and balconies spiralling down as far as the eye can see. Tiny-looking black barges, crossing the void miles below.

Instinctively, CALUM staggers away from the edge, closing his eyes and clutching the books even tighter. A moment of vertigo.

It takes him a second or two to recover himself. Then he swallows hard, and heads toward one of the doorways that lead off the balcony. In a hurry.

4. INT. LIBRARY GATE ROOM

A room which might qualify as "massive" if we hadn't already seen the main part of the Library. A great cylindrical space, with a circular floor of what might be marble, and curved walls that stretch up higher than we can see. Pale blue light shines down from somewhere high above. As ever, the walls are lined with books, but here there's the suggestion that all the books are the same size, shape and colour: indexes rather than musty old tomes, cold, sterile and untouchable. Indeed, everything about this room says "frosty". This must be one of the Library's less temperate areas.

In the middle of the room, supported by a polished brass frame, is a circular slab of marble. Two or three times the height of a human being, but maybe only twelve inches in thickness. Etched onto the surface of this gigantic marble coin is a pattern, a single spiral, cut up into sections like an ammonite. And set into the floor about six feet in front of the slab is a marble staircase, which seems designed to put someone at eye-level with the top of the slab, even though the stairs stop in the middle of empty air. All very mysterious.

There's also a low throbbing in the background, something troubling and near-subsonic that seems to shake the architecture. We can safely assume that it comes from the slab itself.

There are people gathered here, librarians of varying ranks, arranged in polite formations between the doorway and the stairs. Heads bowed, some of them quietly conversing with each other, their voices nothing more than whispers above the background throbbing. (In fact, MARISSA is amongst them, though we don't necessarily notice this yet.) None of them are getting too close to the middle of the room, with one exception.

Standing at the foot of the marble staircase, staring up at the slab with a look that's somewhere between anxiety and sheer irritation, is the DUENNA. Tall, pale and predatory, everything about her says "evil stepmother". Her ice-coloured robes mark her out as the highest-ranking member of this assembly by a mile.

As we join her, an ATTENDANT - a girl no older than any of the other junior librarians - shuffles nervously up to her side, and tries to avoid making eye-contact.

DUENNA: Anything?

The ATTENDANT shakes her head.

DUENNA [to herself]: They're keeping us waiting. They *always* keep you waiting.

The ATTENDANT clearly doesn't want to be noticed, but something attracts her attention, behind the DUENNA's back: her eyes flick towards the entrance of the room.

The DUENNA notices this, and turns to her. The ATTENDANT looks down at her feet, but it's too late.

The DUENNA turns around.

CALUM has just hurried into the chamber, still clutching the books and clearly out of breath. As the DUENNA turns, he's manoeuvring himself into the ranks of the librarians, presumably taking his proper place in the line-up.

Realising that he's been spotted, he tries to look as if he's been there all the time.

The DUENNA narrows her eyes, and - with a terrible slowness - begins to cross the room towards him. The other librarians instinctively shuffle backwards as she passes them. What with the constant throbbing and the *tak… tak… tak…* of the DUENNA's heels on the marble, this seems *horribly* ominous.

As the DUENNA approaches, CALUM looks around for help. All the other librarians make a point of looking the other way. Amongst their ranks, MARISSA glances at him and grits her teeth, obviously feeling sorry for him.

The DUENNA reaches CALUM. Stops in front of him. Regards him with contempt. CALUM somehow manages to speak.

CALUM: Duenna, I -

With a speed that makes it look as if she's going to slit his throat, she raises a single finger to silence him. It works.

Then she reaches out for the books he's holding. She takes the volume on top of the pile, the one he was reading earlier.

She turns it in her hand, inspecting it carefully, almost sniffing at it. She looks up at CALUM again.

DUENNA: Have you tried to read this?

CALUM's jaw wobbles. *How does she know?*

CALUM: I only…

The DUENNA stares at him. Some way across the room, MARISSA looks pained.

CALUM bows his head.

CALUM: No, Duenna.

The DUENNA considers for a moment. Puts the book back down on the pile.

DUENNA: Do you want to *learn* something?

She's sounding reasonable, which can't be good. CALUM keeps his head down.

DUENNA: Very well. Then I can arrange to have you work in the Shrieking Collection. Do you *know* the Shrieking Collection? Mmm?

CALUM doesn't answer. The DUENNA begins to pace in front of him as she speaks, creating more oppressive *tak… tak… tak*ing.

DUENNA: Three-hundred volumes, all bound in skin. And muscle. And bone. All those pages, wrapped up in the carefully-folded bodies of children just like you.

She stops pacing, and leans in close to her victim.

DUENNA: And they're *still alive*.

CALUM is visibly shaking by now. Even MARISSA can't look.

DUENNA: And maybe… if you stay with them, day after day… listening to them scream… then you'll learn what happens to -

Suddenly: *BWOOOMMMMM*. The chamber shakes with a terrible, ringing vibration, as if the whole room has been struck like a gong. It shocks everyone, even the DUENNA, who whirls around to face the centre of the room.

Sure enough, something has happened the enormous marble coin. It's not simply vibrating, but *rippling*. The ringing sound has faded, although the background-throbbing has risen in tone, and it's still rising.

DUENNA [almost panicked]: They're here. The Quiescence…

She strides back towards the middle of the room. CALUM is the only one present who looks relieved by this development.

As the DUENNA approaches it, the marble slab begins to move. We realise that although it's staying in position, it's tilting on its axis, so the bottom of the circle is slowly raising itself towards the marble stairs. Soon, the spiral pattern on its surface will be facing the ceiling. And all the time, the throbbing becomes louder, more intense: the power is building. The ATTENDANT backs away, and the DUENNA pushes the girl aside.

The slab is now completely horizontal, a flat disc turned up towards the light, with its edge meeting the top of the stairs. We see it from above, as the spiral pattern shimmers and ripples.

Then we begin to notice: the pattern has depth. We're not looking at a flat spiral, but a spiral staircase, seen from above. And it's not marble any more, but wood and brass, like any of the staircases in the main part of the Library.

Around the chamber, the librarians try not to be phased by this, and nod at each other in a "yes, well, this is what's supposed to happen" sort of way. CALUM looks interested rather than worried.

From the side, the marble disc is still no more than a foot or so in thickness. From above, it's definitely the top of a stairway, which stretches down as far as we can see. The throbbing noise is beginning to level out, and the image is no longer rippling, so we can make out that there are people on this staircase. A procession of figures, several dozen of them, menacing black shapes that slowly climb the steps towards us.

In front of the marble stairs, the DUENNA slowly lowers herself into a kneeling position, not taking her eyes off the slab.

From this point on, we only see the disc from the side, not from above. We see the DUENNA, kneeling before the marble stairs; we see the edge of the disc, looming over her; and we see the silhouettes of dark heads and shoulders, human(ish) figures rising from the surface of the disc, slowly climbing the last few steps of the impossible staircase and entering the Library.

The DUENNA looks over her shoulder, and barks at the others.

DUENNA: Bow your heads. Don't try to look them in the eye.

The librarians obey. MARISSA certainly does. CALUM takes a moment or two to oblige, then sees that everyone else is doing it. Even the DUENNA looks down.

The throbbing tone stabilises. Then there's another ringing impact, and the tone ends altogether. Apart from the echo, there's silence.

A row of figures stands on the edge of the disc, looking out across the chamber. One of them, clearly the leader, is on the top step of the marble stairway. Two others flank him, though their feet are still "inside" the disc. Behind *them* are numerous others, all waiting to step off the impossible staircase and into the room.

The lead figure makes no attempt to move. Though he's little more than a shadow against the blue light, we get the impression of a huge, inhuman head, turning to survey the scene around him.

The DUENNA risks looking up.

DUENNA: Cardinal Ossavar…?

The lead figure's head turns to face her. Then, slowly, he begins to descend the marble steps. The two figures behind him move to follow.

Taking the DUENNA's lead, some of the other librarians risk a glance at the new arrivals. CALUM seems particularly curious: he's unfamiliar with these newcomers.

At the bottom of the steps, the DUENNA rises to her feet, and comes face to face with OSSAVAR.

The Cardinal is roughly the same size as a human being, which is to say, his hunched back and raised, sharp-edged shoulderblades are at the same level as a human being's head. But it's hard to make out the shape of his body, because he's almost entirely covered by a robe which even the Spanish Inquisition would have called "a bit much", a construction of red and black which gives the impression of a *presence* rather than flesh and bone. Two blackened, sharp-fingered hands emerge from the front of the robe, one of them holding an elaborately-

carved cane that looks more like an affectation than a sign of old age. But the most notable protrusion is, of course, the head. The neck sticks out from his torso like that of a vulture, which means that the head is at human chest-height and capable of swinging backwards and forwards as it surveys its surroundings.

The head is clearly a mask or headpiece of some kind, yet we still get the sense of a huge, heavy, bestial cranium inside it. It's almost reptilian in shape, elongated and with an extended snout, giving the impression of the kind of skull you'd expect to see in a museum. Indeed, it looks as if it might have been carved out of ivory, an intricately-carved helmet of elephant's tusks and tiger's ribcages. And it's set with jewels. Many, many jewels, bright rubies contrasting against smooth patches of obsidian. The eyes - which may be his *real* eyes, or may be part of the design - are two spheres of red set into deep sockets. It's unquestionably a work of art, but it's unquestionably been designed to intimidate.

There are two nostril-holes at the end of the snout, and we see wisps of what looks like smoke emerge from the mask. It gives OSSAVAR the appearance of something that burns on the inside, like a dragon that carries its hoard around with it.

OSSAVAR observes the DUENNA silently. Head tilted, as if curious. Then begins gazing around the walls of the chamber.

Behind him come his two DRUDGES. Though also robed, they're obviously inferior to the Cardinal in every respect, and their outlines are more conventionally human. They seem to have heads on top of their shoulders, though they're currently hooded, and there's something lumpen and awkward about everything they do.

The librarians regard all this with some nervousness. The DUENNA glances over her shoulder, realising that her authority is starting to look shaky. She risks conversation.

DUENNA: We're pleased to serve your people again, Eminence. I had the honour to meet with one of your predecessors…

OSSAVAR's head swings back towards her. She tails off.

When OSSAVAR speaks, his voice is rumbling and inhuman, and yet… oddly reassuring. He speaks as if you're obviously going to agree with everything he says, and as if there couldn't *possibly* be any sort of disagreement between you.

OSSAVAR: This is your Great Library, yes…?

DUENNA [relaxing somewhat]: Just a *small* part of it, Eminence. The Library is believed to be infinite. Even *I've* only seen a tiny fraction of -

OSSAVAR: But you *are* the custodian, yes?

DUENNA: I'm… the custodian of *this* wing, yes. But I'm answerable to the Chief Librarians…

OSSAVAR: Chief Librarians. Yes.

OSSAVAR turns away from her, and slowly begins to cross the room. The DUENNA eyes the two DRUDGES as they follow him.

In the ranks of the librarians, MARISSA is also paying attention of the DRUDGES. She turns her head, rather warily, and we see what she's looking at: although only two DRUDGES are following the Cardinal, there are several more waiting at the top of the marble stairway, and others still standing inside the disc. All of them silent, unmoving, rendered faceless by their hoods. An army in waiting.

Still trying to stay in control, the DUENNA gives an angry signal to CALUM. CALUM stares at her for a moment, then realises what she means, and brings the books forward. Towards OSSAVAR.

DUENNA: The, ahhh… the subject you were interested in, Eminence.

OSSAVAR swings around. CALUM flinches.

DUENNA: I've selected a list of books you might find useful. But if there's anything in particular -

OSSAVAR: You have more than this, yes?

DUENNA: Y-yes. The Library has a copy of every book known to have been published. Some of the older works are in the Vault, but -

OSSAVAR: *Every* book?

His gaze falls on the DUENNA, who doesn't seem sure what answer he's looking for.

OSSAVAR: This is unwise, yes? There are books that offend our dignity. In our own domains, we would… *remove* such books.

Slowly, OSSAVAR turns his head. Towards CALUM.

OSSAVAR: You agree?

There's no threat in his voice at all: he makes it sound like a friendly question.

CALUM: I… I don't think -

DUENNA [hurriedly]: Of course, Eminence. But you have to understand, we serve clients from hundreds of worlds, and thousands of regimes. Not everyone has such a… pragmatic philosophy?

OSSAVAR considers this. Looks at the books in CALUM's hands. And turns away.

OSSAVAR: These are of no use to us.

He says it in a perfectly kind way. The DUENNA immediately springs to his side.

DUENNA: Then perhaps if I show you some of our other collections? If you're looking for something quite specific…

She tails off. It's a prompt, and OSSAVAR considers it.

OSSAVAR: Quite specific.

He turns to her, and nods his head, graciously.

OSSAVAR: *Yes*.

The DUENNA politely gestures towards the doorway of this room: *after you*. OSSAVAR heads towards it, the librarians parting on both sides to make way for him. The two DRUDGES follow.

The DUENNA gives an appalling look to CALUM, making it clear that absolutely everything is completely his fault. Then she follows.

Having broken away from the ranks of her colleagues, MARISSA passes CALUM as well, following in the DUENNA's wake. She rolls her eyes at CALUM, but says nothing.

With their superior and the Cardinal gone, the other librarians relax a little, and there are outbreaks of whispering in the room. They don't relax *too* much, though, since the rest of the DRUDGES are still standing at the top of the marble stairway. Not moving.

At the bottom of the marble steps, the ATTENDANT is one of the few librarians who risks looking up at the DRUDGES. We see them in close-up from her point of view. The hoods they wear are almost medieval in nature, the kind that can be pulled over the entire head, and we get the impression that *these* heads are rather lumpy and bloated beneath the cloth. In one case, we can just about glimpse pale skin under the hood, and the lower part of the face. It looks humanoid, and there's the suggestion of a mouth, but there's something wrong with it…

The DRUDGE seems to realise it's being looked at, and turns its head towards us. Before we can make out its features, the ATTENDANT hurriedly averts her gaze.

5. INT. THE LIBRARY

A balcony overlooking the central part of the Library, as in scene 3. The balcony is more or less identical, although we're seeing the chasm from a slightly different angle. OSSAVAR and the DUENNA stand at the railing, OSSAVAR taking in the scenery. The two DRUDGES are, as ever, in attendance.

OSSAVAR: You read my *last* message, yes?

The DUENNA nods.

OSSAVAR: And the Book…?

The DUENNA looks over her shoulder. When she speaks, she speaks quietly.

DUENNA: It's in the Vault. It can't be anywhere else.

OSSAVAR: You can take us to it, yes?

The DUENNA puts a finger to her lips, and indicates something behind her. OSSAVAR turns.

We see that set into the wall, above the door to the room behind them, is what looks like an eye: a brass sculpture, with a great black iris in the centre.

OSSAVAR looks at the DUENNA, quizzically.

DUENNA: The Chief Librarians. They can't watch everything, but…

She shrugs, and looks away, as if embarrassed.

OSSAVAR: You fear them, yes?

DUENNA: I… have to serve them.

OSSAVAR: I understand.

OSSAVAR reaches out, and puts a hand on her shoulder. Reassurance rather than menace.

OSSAVAR: Yes. I understand.

Nearby, there's the quiet humming of what might be an engine. A barge is floating by the side of the balcony, hovering next to a gap in the railing, clearly a place for boarding these vessels.

MARISSA stands at the prow of the boat, the barge-pole in her hand. We see that a polite spiral of energy is circling around the bottom end of the pole, which presumably means that it's "fired up".

OSSAVAR looks at the DUENNA. The DUENNA nods, and OSSAVAR takes his hand from her shoulder.

They, and the DRUDGES, head for the barge.

6. INT. THE ARCHIVE

A different part of the Library, and much more conventional. A passageway made of shelves, a straightforward aisle full of books: old, creaky, and dimly-lit. Though there may be the implication that it could stretch for miles, this is an intimate space, even friendly. The books are battered and familiar-looking. All's quiet.

Here we find CALUM. He has a small trolley full of books, including the ones he was carrying at the reception, and he's returning some of them to the shelves as we join the scene.

Behind him, RUNCELL comes into view, from one of the intersecting aisles.

RUNCELL: Master Calum!

CALUM bows, a little.

CALUM: Magister.

RUNCELL: When you're finished filing those, there's a party of cadets from Iparagon at the Spireside Gate. They need a guide to the military history section, and they've asked for the *executive* service. You know what that means.

CALUM: Yes, Magister.

RUNCELL continues on his way, vanishing into another aisle. CALUM carries on with his work, and reaches out for the trolley.

One of the books he finds there is the volume he was reading earlier.

He hesitates. Considering.

He looks along the aisle, making sure the senior librarian is out of range.

Then he looks the *other* way. We see that there's another eye set into one of the higher bookshelves, overseeing this part of the Library. It's as dark and as lifeless as the last one we saw.

CALUM turns back to the book. Hesitates a moment longer.

His hand moves to open it.

Suddenly, there's a noise. A creaking of the boards. Somewhere nearby.

CALUM panics, and whirls around. Turns in all directions. But nobody's there.

Again, the creaking. Somebody moving nearby, behind one of the shelves. CALUM tries to peer through the gaps between the books, to no avail.

CALUM [calls out]: Hello?

More creaking. CALUM begins to follow the noise. Whatever's here, it's moving along the other side of the nearest line of shelves. Slowly, and cautiously, CALUM moves alongside it.

CALUM [calls out]: Is somebody…?

He stops, and listens. The creaking has stopped.

A few feet in front of him, there's a gap in the shelves, a way through to the next aisle. Towards the source of the creaking. More wary than ever, CALUM heads for the gap. Taking quiet, careful steps. Not… making… a…

Something jumps out of the gap right in front of him.

CALUM: *Wuuh!*

CALUM staggers back. The figure ahead just stares at him. And keeps staring as CALUM recovers himself.

He finds himself face-to-face with the DOCTOR.

The DOCTOR isn't exactly at his best. He looks rather unkempt, with a healthy layer of stubble. Not actually tramp-like, just not well-groomed. Also, he's carrying a book under his arm.

They stare at each other for a while longer.

DOCTOR: Afternoon.

CALUM [uncertainly]: After… noon?

DOCTOR: Yes. It's a greeting. Makes a lot more sense if you live in a world that's actually got a sun.

CALUM blinks at him.

DOCTOR: Sun? No?

CALUM: I… know what a sun is.

DOCTOR: Good, that's the perfect basis for a relationship.

The DOCTOR moves into the middle of the aisle, and starts to look around.

CALUM: Um… can I be of assistance to you?

DOCTOR [to himself]: Eight-thousand, one-hundred and ninety-three.

CALUM: I'm sorry…?

DOCTOR: Yes, I'm looking for something.

CALUM: A book?

DOCTOR: In a sense. More like a repository of wisdom.

CALUM [rather awkwardly]: Well… the Library has the most comprehensive collection known to exist…

DOCTOR [to himself]: Five-thousand, five-hundred and twenty-two.

CALUM pauses, then decides not to ask.

CALUM: The book your looking for -

DOCTOR: Very distinctive. Very rare. It's called the TARDIS.

The DOCTOR stops looking around as he says this, and faces CALUM. Watching how he'll react.

CALUM: TARDIS…

DOCTOR: Blue cover, bit battered-looking? Bigger on the inside. Mind you, most books are.

CALUM: Is it… fiction or non-fiction?

The DOCTOR moves his head from side to side, as if playing ping-pong with the idea.

DOCTOR: I like to think it's on the boundary.

He notices the trolley full of books. He casually stuffs his own book on the top of a nearby shelf, and goes over to look.

CALUM notices this, and dutifully takes the book off the shelf.

We see the front of the book as he holds it in his hands. It's small, but bound in a thick leathery cover, the sort of ancient, carefully-bound volume that might have metal clasps and hand-drawn illuminations. There's no title, no words, just a single image: a planet, embossed into the cover, bright blue and green against the worn old leather.

CALUM seems mesmerised by it. Recognising it, possibly. He runs his fingers across the planet.

Then he recovers himself, and looks up at the DOCTOR. But the DOCTOR isn't paying any attention: he's already inspecting the books on the trolley.

CALUM: This "TARDIS". If it's rare…

DOCTOR: *Very* rare. The only one in circulation.

CALUM: You could always make a request to a senior librarian -

DOCTOR [to himself]: One-thousand, six-hundred and forty-five.

CALUM stares at him, but the DOCTOR just starts thumbing through the volumes.

CALUM: Why do you keep saying numbers?

DOCTOR: Because I'm keeping count.

CALUM: What?

DOCTOR: You're the one-thousand, six-hundred and forty-fifth person who's told me to make a request to a senior librarian.

It takes a few seconds for this to sink in.

CALUM: You've spoken to… more than eight-thousand other librarians?

DOCTOR: Yes.

CALUM: Here? In the Library?

DOCTOR: Well, it *is* supposed to be infinite. There must an awful lot of you.

CALUM: How long have you *been* here…?

The DOCTOR puts down the book he's holding, and thinks about this.

DOCTOR: Do you know, I've lost track? I've spent most of the time down in those… tunnel things.

He waves his hand, to indicate a direction. CALUM follows this gesture. (N.B. Note that CALUM is still holding the Doctor's book, and is clutching it rather too firmly, probably without realising.)

CALUM: The catacombs? The Dead Letter Archives -

DOCTOR: Those are the ones. Bit gloomy, but there's some lovely penmanship.

He strokes his neck, feeling the stubble there.

DOCTOR: I need a shave. And this is what I look like *after* I've turned all my hormones off.

CALUM [still reeling]: The catacombs go on for thousands of miles…

DOCTOR: Oh, at least.

CALUM: But there are hardly any librarians down there. If you've met more than eight-thousand, then you must have been there for -

DOCTOR: *Hah!*

This is a shout of either surprise or triumph. The DOCTOR picks up one of the books from the trolley, actually the one that was being read in the opening scene.

DOCTOR: "Elegy on a Vanishment", by Preator Stoicia. Lovely word, "vanishment". One of my favourites.

He puts the book back on the trolley, without opening it.

DOCTOR: Not really my oeuvre, though.

With that, he turns to face CALUM, suddenly serious.

CALUM waits, but the DOCTOR says nothing. Just holds out his hand.

CALUM finally works out what the DOCTOR wants. He looks down at the book, clutched in his hands. Apologetically, he shuffles forward, and gives it back.

The DOCTOR shoves it under his arm. The seriousness disappears.

DOCTOR [brightly]: No TARDIS, then?

CALUM: N-no. **[Hurriedly.]** But… if there's only one copy in existence. If it's valuable…

DOCTOR: It's valuable to *me*.

CALUM: It might be in the Vault. You'd have to apply to the Duenna for permission, but…

He tails off, waiting for a reaction. For a while, though, there isn't one. The DOCTOR just looks at him.

DOCTOR: Five-hundred and eighty-four. That's quite an original suggestion, well done.

CALUM: Five-hundred people have already suggested it!

DOCTOR: I did say *quite* original.

The DOCTOR turns to leave.

CALUM almost lunges after him. As if he doesn't want to let the planet-book out of his sight.

CALUM: I could check *that* book out for you! The one you're carrying…

The DOCTOR pauses. Looks down at the book under his arm.

DOCTOR: Ah. I'm afraid this doesn't belong here. I had it with me when I came in.

CALUM [bemused]: You… brought a book into the Library?

DOCTOR: Yes, I know. Always taking sandwiches to the banquet, that's me.

The DOCTOR begins to walk away.

CALUM: Wait!

The DOCTOR stops, but doesn't turn.

CALUM: That picture. On the front of your book.

The DOCTOR still doesn't turn. We see his face. Expectant.

DOCTOR: Yes?

CALUM: That's the Earth. Isn't it?

For a moment, the DOCTOR says nothing. Then…

DOCTOR [to himself]: *One*.

He turns. Faces CALUM. Grins like the Devil.

DOCTOR: I never introduced myself. I'm the Doctor.

He holds out his free hand. CALUM stares at it for a second, then copies the gesture. But clearly doesn't understand it, since he makes no move to get any closer.

CALUM: Calum.

The DOCTOR looks down at his own outstretched hand, shrugs, and just uses it to wave.

7. Int. The Library

Again, a balcony overlooking the main Library section, but from a slightly different angle (so we're moving around the same central shaft, always using the same basic balcony set). This time, the DOCTOR steps out onto the balcony, and leans across the railing with some enthusiasm.

CALUM follows him, but keeps away from the edge.

DOCTOR: Oh, now, *this* is more like it. Light… airy…

He points across the chasm.

DOCTOR: Mind you, I can just imagine them trying to build a coffee shop over *there*. I hate coffee shops.

CALUM [by rote]: The Library is a miracle of architectural engineering. The floor-plan is theoretically infinite -

CALUM stops talking. The DOCTOR is looking at him.

CALUM: I suppose… someone's told you that before.

DOCTOR: A few times, yes.

The DOCTOR begins to stroll along the balcony, still taking in the view. CALUM follows.

DOCTOR: A theoretically infinite structure, in its own self-contained branch of space-time. A universe of books. I don't suppose you know who built it, do you?

CALUM: You'd have to ask the Chief Librarians.

DOCTOR: Yes. I might just do that.

CALUM: No, I… I didn't mean it literally.

DOCTOR: Why not?

CALUM: You can't talk to the Chief Librarians. Well… you can't ask them questions.

DOCTOR: There's always room for the right questions. For example…

By this point, they've reached a point on the balcony where there's a gap in the railings. Set into the gap is a small ramp, which leads up onto one of the tortuously narrow catwalks that cross the chasm. Abruptly, the DOCTOR hops up the ramp and takes a few running steps along the catwalk.

Since the catwalk has no railings, and there's nothing between the DOCTOR and the abyss, this is all rather alarming. CALUM actually flinches and takes a step back.

The DOCTOR stands on the edge of the catwalk, hands in pockets, looking straight down.

DOCTOR: …how did you recognise the picture of the Earth?

CALUM: I've been -

He stops himself.

CALUM [sheepishly]: I've been reading about it.

DOCTOR: You don't have to sound embarrassed about it. As planets go, it wasn't *that* awful.

CALUM: We're not supposed to read the books.

DOCTOR: What, in a library?

CALUM: We're here to serve the clients. Those books were for the Quiescence -

Suddenly, and without warning, something falls past the Doctor. Something black and solid, that drops from above and narrowly misses the catwalk before vanishing again, barely more than a big dark blur. However, it *might* have been about the same size and shape as a human being. And that noise is made as it fell past us… screeching? Or sobbing?

The DOCTOR looks rather shocked by this. He looks down, following its trail.

CALUM simply looks uncomfortable. He turns his head away.

DOCTOR: What was that?

CALUM is reluctant to speak. The DOCTOR looks at him expectantly.

CALUM: It was a faller.

The DOCTOR keeps looking at him, waiting for an explanation.

CALUM: Someone must have fallen from one of the balconies. It's… not a good thing to happen.

DOCTOR: I assume there's no safety-net at the bottom?

CALUM: The Library doesn't *have* a bottom.

DOCTOR: Ah.

CALUM: They just keep falling. Forever. Even after they starve to death, they just…

He looks down at his feet. He clearly can't even bear the thought.

CALUM: Sometimes you see them. What's left of them. Always falling.

For a while, the DOCTOR doesn't speak. He just regards CALUM carefully, as if judging the boy. Finally, he seems to reach a decision.

DOCTOR: These "Quiescence" people. All long robes and bad posture? Sound like they want you to agree with them all the time?

CALUM looks up again, and nods.

CALUM: You've met them?

DOCTOR: Not face-to-face. I'd probably just offend their dignity. Where are they?

CALUM: They were heading towards the Vault. There's an entrance two floors down from here.

The DOCTOR skips back along the catwalk, towards the balcony. CALUM can barely bring himself to watch.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Calum. You've been very helpful. Oh… one other thing.

Having reached the balcony, the DOCTOR hops up to CALUM, and holds out the book he's been carrying.

DOCTOR: Do you think you could hold on to this for me?

CALUM looks shocked. In a good way.

DOCTOR: I'm hoping I'll be back for it soon, but you know what these certain-death situations are like.

CALUM looks between the DOCTOR and the book. Then takes the book. Almost reverentially.

CALUM: But why do you -

DOCTOR: Because I don't want it falling into the wrong hands. And in a sense, it's your property.

He turns, and begins to walk away along the balcony. CALUM watches him go.

CALUM: I'm sorry…?

DOCTOR: Never mind.

Now several yards away, the DOCTOR stops, and turns.

DOCTOR: If I tell you not to open it… will you do as I say?

CALUM nods urgently.

CALUM: Yes. Of course.

DOCTOR: Really? How disappointing.

With that, the DOCTOR vanishes through one of the entrances in the Library wall.

CALUM stares after him for a few moments. Then looks down at the book in his hands.

The planet Earth stares up at him.

8. Int. The Vault

An immense cavernous tunnel, stretching off into the distance: imagine a chasm like the central part of the Library, but narrower and turned on its side. It's also a lot darker, a much less pleasant environment, hazardous and subterranean. There are wide cave-like openings along its length, filling the tunnel with shafts of lamp-light, and we can probably assume (if we can't explicitly see) that there are more books within these galleries. No volumes line the tunnel itself, though. Indeed, as far as we can see, the walls are sheer rock. We're *deep* in the Library here.

There's a barge drifting along the tunnel, looking fairly small against the background. It's the only sign of life, while the only sounds we can hear are the humming of its engine and the creaking of a CGI budget under gigantic strain. As we join the scene, the barge pulls up alongside one of the gallery openings, and docks with one of the ever-present balconies.

We move in on the barge (and out of the pure F/X shot) as the DUENNA and OSSAVAR step off onto the balcony. The two DRUDGES follow, while MARISSA remains at the prow.

OSSAVAR is gazing around the Vault, head still swinging. He seems almost amused.

OSSAVAR: This is where you keep your secrets, yes…?

DUENNA: Our most valuable items, Eminence. Some of them unique.

OSSAVAR: Yes. The item we need is… unique.

The DUENNA and OSSAVAR begin to move away from the barge and towards the gallery opening. The DRUDGES remain where they are, as if on guard.

During this next conversation, we move back to MARISSA. While the DUENNA and OSSAVAR's speech gets further and further away, MARRISA's attention starts to drift towards the DRUDGE who's standing nearby. (So she's the important one here, and the dialogue is just background.)

The DRUDGE is standing at an angle to MARISSA. We see it from her POV, and we can *almost* see its face under its hood.

This catches MARISSA's eye, and she's obviously curious. She starts to edge forward, and crane her neck around. At first, she's quite careful about this, not wanting to be noticed.

DUENNA: The Lost Proofs of Hieromimus. The arguments of San Emelda… we have the last surviving copy.

OSSAVAR: Yes. We had the others burned.

DUENNA: Ahhh… of course. My apologies.

MARISSA is edging closer and closer to the DRUDGE, so we come closer and closer to seeing under the hood. We glimpse pale, lumpen flesh, a jaw that seems *just about* human. But the mouth… where the mouth should be, we can see what looks a lot like scar tissue.

MARISSA squints, and moves even further around the front of the DRUDGE. We're just about to get a better look at it when -

- it turns to face us, full on, and makes a noise that sounds like the howling of a creature with no mouth. Just for a second, we see what's under the hood. A pallid, almost featureless lump of flesh. Lips that can't possibly open. Metal chains wrapped around its skull, its eyes blinded by padlocks…

MARISSA jumps back, but it's no use. The arm of the DRUDGE swings towards her, hard and fast. Its fist hits her full in the face. Only now do we see in close-up what we may have only half-noticed in long shot: the DRUDGES have no visible hands. There are just ugly, shapeless lumps at the ends of their arms, wrapped up in fingerless leather gauntlets. Metal chains surround their wrists, ensuring that the gauntlets can never be removed.

It's like being hit with an anvil. MARISSA stumbles back, and falls. She lands on the platform, close enough to the unrailed edge to make us feel slightly anxious.

Shocked and gasping, she gets up on her elbows. Looks up.

The DRUDGE steps forward, and stands over her. Its hood is down, and we get our first good look at its face.

There's no hair, no visible bone structure. Just a lump of white flesh, in the right sort of shape to be a skull, but bloated and with no definition. The mouth has quite simply been sewn shut: we can see the stitch-marks, although the flesh has grown around them to the point where it's like looking at the stitching on a rugby ball (so no blood or icky stuff). We can't see any eyes, because a rusting metal plate has been set across the sockets, and presses into the colourless skin. The plate is kept in place by a pair of linked metal chains, which cross its head in an "X" shape and meet where the nose should be.

MARISSA is understandably horrified. The DRUDGE makes aggressive, wordless grunting sounds behind its permanently-closed lips, but doesn't attempt to get any closer.

Not taking her eyes off it, MARISSA scrambles to her feet, only *just* aware of the long drop behind her.

OSSAVAR: You were curious, yes?

MARISSA turns her head. OSSAVAR and the DUENNA stand some distance away, in the opening to the gallery. The DUENNA looks mortified, but OSSAVAR seems unconcerned.

MARISSA looks from the DRUDGE to OSSAVAR.

MARISSA: It hit me…

OSSAVAR: He never stares at *you*. He expects you never to stare at him. You understand.

MARISSA: He's got no eyes!

DUENNA: *Marissa!*

OSSAVAR lurches forward, towards the unmoving DRUDGE.

OSSAVAR: He has no eyes, and never sees what may offend him. He has no ears, and never hears what may distress him.

MARISSA: So… how does he know where I am?

OSSAVAR touches the DRUDGE's arm, almost affectionately. The DRUDGE bows its head.

OSSAVAR: He believes. He believes he knows all he needs to know. Yes?

MARISSA stares, still appalled, clearly not understanding.

DUENNA: I have to apologise, Eminence. I'm sure she didn't mean any offence…

MARISSA feels the side of her face, and opens her mouth, as if to complain that she's just been assaulted. A look from the DUENNA silences her.

OSSAVAR considers for a moment, then turns his attention back to the gallery entrance.

OSSAVAR: The Vault. Yes.

OSSAVAR shambles back towards the opening, and heads into the cave-like space of the gallery. The DUENNA moves alongside him.

OSSAVAR [quietly]: We can talk here…?

The DUENNA nods, as the two of them disappear into the gallery.

MARISSA is left alone with the two DRUDGES. Neither of them is moving, or paying her any attention. She regards the unhooded DRUDGE warily…

…then realises she's staring at it, and quickly looks away.

9. Int. The Library

Back to the main section of the Library, a similar area to the one we saw in scene 7 (but exactly the same balcony set-up, natch). RUNCELL is here, in conversation with a COMPLETELY INHUMAN PATRON of the Library. RUNCELL is consulting a small notebook.

RUNCELL: The volume you're looking for is in the gastro-textural section, sir. It's recently been used, but we're reconstituting it for you now.

The COMPLETELY INHUMAN PATRON nods and gurgles, then turns its back and wobbles away along the balcony. RUNCELL moves off in the opposite direction, looking around as he goes.

RUNCELL [calling out, but not *too* loudly]: Calum!

There's no response. RUNCELL shakes his head, and moves through one of the side-doors.

10. Int. The Archive

Either the same corridor of books we saw in scene 6, or one very much like it. RUNCELL enters, looking from side to side.

RUNCELL [calling out]: Don't make me shout, Master Calum. I'll have to get special dispensation, and I've got quite enough to do already.

No response. All is quiet.

RUNCELL heads deeper into the Archive, muttering under his breath.

RUNCELL: *Slovenly* boy.

He moves out of sight.

As he goes, we pan across the Archive, and realise that… at the end of one of the rows of shelves, there's a pile of unfiled books so large that someone could crouch down behind them without being seen. This is where we find CALUM, huddled up on the floor. The book with the Earth on the cover lies at his side, next to the pile of books from the reception. In his lap is the volume he was reading in scene 1.

CALUM peers around the corner, making sure the senior librarian has gone. Then he returns to the book. We hear his narration as he reads it.

CALUM [VO]: And then, one day… the Earth wasn't there any more.

Fade into…

11. EXT. F/X SHOT

Recap of the last sequence from scene 1. Half-lit, half-glimpsed shapes begin to circle the empty space where the Earth used to be.

CALUM [VO]: And the other worlds noticed this, and came to see what had happened. But none of them could explain it, or guess where the Earth had gone. And in the end, they decided that… it had been *taken*.

During this speech, we pull back, and realise that we're looking at space from the viewing-deck of some form of vessel. It's all very vague and dream-like, and we don't get a good sense of what this vessel is or who it might belong to: just the suggestion of opulence and high technology.

There are figures on the edge of our vision, living beings, but they're as nebulous as the spaceships we saw outside. The sense of shadowy claws and tendrils, and the sound of alien gibbering, quiet arguments in unknown languages.

CALUM [VO]: But who could have done such a thing? The people of the Earth had many enemies - ghosts, and doppelgangers, and machine-men - yet none had the power to steal the world.

We fade in to a new image. We can see stars in the background, so perhaps we're still on the same mysterious observation deck, but now… a new group of figures is moving towards us, their outlines recognisable even though they're too dark to make out any details. It's the Quiescence, a handful of DRUDGES led by a CARDINAL, with burning torches in their hands. The firelight is the *only* light, so they're more like flickering shadows than solid shapes. The eyes of the CARDINAL glow red as he approaches.

CALUM [VO]: And then came the Quietening Ones, with their robes of gemstone and their fire that burnt out tongues.

The shadow of the CARDINAL opens its dragon-like maw, and breathes out a jet of solid flame. (N.B. There's something deliberately story-book about all of this, so it shouldn't be clear whether the Cardinals really *can* breathe fire, or whether this is just a metaphor.)

CALUM: And they said…

The fire fills the picture. When it fades, we're looking out at space again, but this time the CARDINAL stands before us. His back turned to us, as he gazes at the night sky.

When CALUM narrates the next section, we can hear the voice of the CARDINAL alongside his own voice. It's exactly the same as the voice of OSSAVAR. As the speech goes on, CALUM's voice fades away, and the CARDINAL's voice takes over.

CALUM / **CARDINAL:** "*He* has done this. The one who swore he would protect this Earth. The one who swore he could cure all the ills of its people. He has tricked us. He has taken the world from us."

As he says this, the CARDINAL begins to turn. By now, CALUM's voice has all but vanished.

CARDINAL / **CALUM:** "He has stolen our birthright. For the Earth was to be ours."

Now the CARDINAL is looking right at us, as if addressing us directly. He cocks his head, questioningly.

CARDINAL: And we *will* have it back. Yes?

12. INT. THE ARCHIVE

CALUM looks up from the book.

CALUM [to himself]: "He" has done this…

Something occurs to him. He consults the book again. Flips through the next few pages. Skim-reading desperately.

He looks up again.

CALUM: "The one who swore he could cure all the ills of its people…"

The penny's dropped. He closes the book.

Flashback: the DOCTOR standing in the Archives, from scene 6.

DOCTOR: *I'm the Doctor.*

Slowly, CALUM puts the book down on top of the pile. His eyes fall on the *other* book, lying at his side.

The book with the planet Earth on the cover. The Book of the World.

He picks up the book.

Flashback: the DOCTOR standing on the balcony, from scene 7.

DOCTOR: *If I tell you not to open it…*

CALUM raises the book. Holds it in front of him. Stares at it.

His other hand starts to move.

Flashback: the DOCTOR standing on the balcony.

DOCTOR: *…will you do as I say?*

We see the cover of the Book, as CALUM's thumb runs along the edge.

He hesitates.

His thumb goes to the corner…

One last, final, moment of indecision…

And he opens the book…

And there's a flash of all-engulfing light. The same kind of flash we saw in scene 1, when the world vanished.

13. EXT. F/X SHOT

Space. No sound, no music. But there, hanging in the blackness, is the Earth. Huge, bright and blue.

We pan across it, and across the stars. Until we find…

…CALUM.

We see him in close-up, so at first, we might get the impression that he's seeing this from an observation deck. He isn't. He's hanging there in the void, robe floating around him, staring down at the Earth. Terrified and uncomprehending.

And not able to breathe. As he realises this, the panic gets even worse. He starts struggling, thrashing his arms and legs. But he can't even make a sound as he asphyxiates. There's absolute silence, and there's no sign of the Book. His hands are empty.

The flailing gets worse, and worse, and worse. It's horrifying to watch.

Finally, almost in desperation - and just as it looks as if he's about to explode - he makes a motion with his arms as if he's miming the shutting of a book.

Another flash, and…

14. INT. THE ARCHIVE

CALUM falls forward, gasping for breath. The Book of the World falls off his lap.

It takes him a few moments to recover. As soon as he's got the strength, he stands, although he's shaky on his feet. He picks up the Book, and holds it out in front of him. Not reluctant any more, but understanding. Maybe even angry.

He looks down at the pile of other books, including the one that told him all about Earth. Makes a decision.

Clutching the Book of the World to his chest, he runs from the Archive.

15. INT. THE LIBRARY

The balcony outside the Archive. CALUM steps out of the doorway, and heads in the direction which - as far as we know - leads to the Vault.

RUNCELL: *Calum!*

CALUM stops dead. Turns.

RUNCELL stands some way behind him along the balcony. The senior librarian gives him a disapproving look.

RUNCELL: The party from Iparagon, Master Calum. Or are we expecting the cadets to service *themselves*, hmm?

CALUM stares at him. Wide-eyed. As if he barely even knows who RUNCELL is.

RUNCELL regards him with some puzzlement.

RUNCELL: Calum…?

He takes a step forward. CALUM instinctively takes a step back.

Thrown by this, RUNCELL stops. Then he notices the book, being clutched to Calum's chest.

RUNCELL: What's that book?

CALUM's grip on it tightens. RUNCELL looks suspicious, and starts to move forward. He puts his hand out.

RUNCELL [warningly]: Give me that book, Calum.

CALUM almost shakes his head, but doesn't. Instead, he starts backing away. He keeps backing away even after RUNCELL stops moving forward.

RUNCELL: Calum!

CALUM pauses for a moment. Finally, he looks down at the book in his arms; turns; and runs.

RUNCELL [shouting]: *Calum!*

But CALUM vanishes through one of the side-entrances.

Left alone, RUNCELL turns away, a disbelieving look on his face. He removes his spectacles, and rubs his eyes.

16. INT. THE VAULT

The barge is still docked with the platform, and the two DRUDGES are still in attendance, quite motionless. Meanwhile, MARISSA stands in the entrance to the gallery, leaning against the wall. Staying as far away from them as possible.

She glances over at them, anxiously. As she does this, the unhooded DRUDGE seems to notice, and flinches.

MARISSA looks away. After a moment or two, however, she becomes aware that the DRUDGE is still staring at her. If "staring" is the word.

She's torn between staring back and looking in a completely different direction. Still, the DRUDGE doesn't move.

Finally, MARISSA snaps. Thoroughly freaked out, she turns her back on it, and enters the gallery.

17. INT. VAULT GALLERY

A cavern-like tunnel, with other cavern-like tunnels leading off it at all angles. The light comes from lanterns set into the walls, and between the lanterns are whole shelving-units full of books, not unlike the ones in the Archive. But whereas the Archive says "cosy", this says "creepy".

MARISSA walks along the tunnel, glancing over her shoulder to make sure she's not being followed. She looks around at the shelves, taking in the old tomes without much interest.

As she walks, the tunnel becomes dimmer. We also become aware of voices, further into the gallery, echoing along the walls. We get the sense of building up to something ominous, although MARISSA keeps walking without noticing anything wrong.

The voices we hear belong to the DUENNA and OSSAVAR. We can make out their conversation as MARRISA gets closer.

OSSAVAR: …we know it has to be here, yes? This is where the divinations have led us. This is where the Book has been hidden from us.

DUENNA: It isn't in the main index. If it's in the Library, then it's got to be in the Vault.

OSSAVAR: You feel uncertain…?

DUENNA: I'm only in charge of one wing. I don't have access to the full inventory.

By now, MARISSA is close to the source of the conversation. She stops at one of the side-tunnels, and carefully looks around the edge of the wall. Not wanting to be seen.

18. INT. GALLERY SIDE-TUNNEL

There in the tunnel, between the rows of books, stand the DUENNA and OSSAVAR. They're facing each other, and neither is turned towards the entrance. OSSAVAR has his hand on the DUENNA's shoulder, but the DUENNA is looking at the floor, deliberately not meeting his gaze. It's almost intimate.

OSSAVAR: You *will* find the Book of the World, Duenna. It *will* be ours.

DUENNA: There's… something else. Even when we find it…

OSSAVAR regards her impassively. The DUENNA finds the strength to look up at him.

DUENNA: Nothing can be taken out of the Vault. Not without special dispensation. It's the rules.

At the entrance, MARISSA looks puzzled. This isn't a normal conversation.

OSSAVAR: The other librarians fear you, yes? They owe you their silence.

DUENNA [shakes her head]: It's not that simple. The Chief Librarians have got eyes everywhere -

OSSAVAR: Then they are foolish, yes? The people of the Quiescence need no eyes. They simply *know*.

DUENNA: But -

OSSAVAR puts a finger to her lips. Quite delicately.

MARISSA starts to look uncomfortable. This isn't right.

OSSAVAR: They *know*. They know when things are… not as they should be?

The DUENNA looks nonplussed.

OSSAVAR: They know when others are moving against them. They know when their actions are being *watched*.

On the word "watched", OSSAVAR swivels around, to face the entrance. His eyes fix on MARISSA.

MARISSA panics, and turns to run. Only to find that the two DRUDGES are standing right behind her.

The arm of one of the DRUDGES swings towards her. She falls back, into the side-passage, and the fist slams into the wall. However, this may be what it planned, since it arm is now blocking any chance of escape.

The DUENNA looks on in shock.

DUENNA: Marissa…

MARISSA: I was just…

While its companion guards the entrance, the second DRUDGE - the hooded one - shambles forward. Panicking, MARISSA looks to the DUENNA for help.

MARISSA: …Duenna…

While she's facing the other way, DRUDGE #2 lunges at her, wrapping its big, heavy arm around her neck. MARISSA struggles, but it's got her in a stranglehold, and she can't even protest.

The DUENNA looks from MARISSA to OSSAVAR. Who seems as reasonable as ever.

DUENNA: Eminence… this isn't necessary. Marissa is one of our best workers…

DRUDGE #2 manages to pin MARISSA's arms behind her back, and thus lets go of her neck. All she can do, however, is gasp.

OSSAVAR: She listens to us, yes? Plotting to steal from your Chief Librarians. Would you have her speak of this?

MARISSA: Duenna, *please* -

DRUDGE #2 pushes MARISSA forward, and forces her down onto her knees. It crouches down behind her, to keep her still. DRUDGE #1 moves in closer.

MARISSA: No…

OSSAVAR steps forward. MARISSA looks up at him, pleadingly.

MARISSA: Please. I didn't even understand what you were saying -

OSSAVAR: Shhh.

With his one free hand (he's got a cane in the other, remember), OSSAVAR reaches into the folds of his robe. As if to draw a weapon.

MARISSA: I didn't understand! I won't say anything. You don't have to kill me!

OSSAVAR [reassuring]: We have no need of killing.

With that, he removes the "weapon" from his robe.

It looks like a needle. A silver needle, eight inches long, impossibly sharp at the business end. It makes no sound, but it throbs with a horrible silver light.

OSSAVAR: We only require your silence.

MARISSA stares at the needle, horrified but not understanding.

Then she clicks. She turns her head, towards DRUDGE #1, who now hovers at her side.

She looks at his face. At his mouth. A mouth made up of stitches.

She looks back to the needle.

MARISSA: No…

She turns to the DUENNA.

MARISSA: Duenna…

The DUENNA looks almost as appalled as MARISSA. She looks at OSSAVAR, about to say something…

…but then turns away. Refusing to watch.

MARISSA's eyes go back to the needle, as OSSAVAR takes a step closer, and brings the object up to her face.

OSSAVAR: We will seal your lips. We will padlock your eyes. We will make you… quiet. Yes?

As the needle draws closer, MARISSA tries to turn her head away. DRUDGE #1 reaches forward to keep her still.

OSSAVAR: These things are for the best.

The needle touches MARISSA's lips. There's nothing she can do.

There's an ominous creaking noise.

DRUDGE #2 seems to notice it first, and raises its head. OSSAVAR follows, looking up from his work. MARISSA, unable to move, flicks her eyes upwards.

No sooner have we seen the source of the noise - one of the immense shelf-stacks, chock full of books - than it begins to fall towards us.

The DUENNA opens her mouth to shout a warning, but it's too late. The shelves are already toppling over, and DRUDGE #2 is right in their path. Possibly MARISSA too.

DRUDGE #2 realises this, and tries to throw itself out of the way. DRUDGE #1 staggers back at the same time. Suddenly free, MARISSA hurls herself to one side.

The shelves hit the floor with a colossal impact, landing right across DRUDGE #2's legs. He shrieks in agony as his lower half is buried in books. We see that MARISSA has managed to roll to one side; that DRUDGE #1 has fallen back against the wall; and that OSSAVAR is trying to keep his balance, having already dropped the needle.

MARISSA looks up, and sees her chance. She clambers to her feet, then bolts for the exit.

While DRUDGE #2 moans to itself, DRUDGE #1 finds its feet. It stands there for a moment, seeming rather lost. It turns toward OSSAVAR.

OSSAVAR looks at it. He doesn't even speak. He just… looks.

Having rediscovered its purpose, it lumbers after MARISSA.

The DUENNA watches them go, looking more anxious than ever.

19. INT. VAULT GALLERY

MARISSA runs out into one of the wider gallery tunnels, then freezes and looks around, panicking. Not remembering which way she came from.

She looks over her shoulder, and sees the oncoming DRUDGE, groaning horribly as it pursues her. She picks one of the other tunnels at random, and launches herself towards it.

20. INT. ANOTHER SIDE-TUNNEL

MARISSA slows as she runs along the passage, realising that this isn't the way she came. Apart from anything else, it's much, much darker, with less illumination than any part of the Library we've seen so far: lantern-light seems to shine through the cracks between the shelves, but that's all. She keeps running anyway.

The passage ends in a book-lined wall. There are no other side-tunnels. MARISSA freezes.

There's a wordless moaning behind her. She turns to face the inevitable.

The DRUDGE, unhooded and hideous, is shambling along the passage towards her. It's not even bothering to run.

MARISSA backs up against the wall.

The DRUDGE moves closer, and closer. In the near-darkness, we can just make out the occasional misshapen feature as individual shafts of light fall across it.

MARISSA presses herself against the books. Starts to shrink down towards the floor. Shakes her head, as if pleading.

The DRUDGE comes to a halt, a few feet in front of her. It looms over her, possibly enjoying its victory, possibly just getting its breath back.

Another figure suddenly appears in the half-light, just behind the DRUDGE. A figure who addresses MARISSA directly, as if the monster simply isn't there. He's standing directly in one of the shafts of light, his face illuminated.

DOCTOR: I'm looking for something.

The DRUDGE doesn't react to this at all: it just doesn't seem to notice him. MARISSA gawps.

DOCTOR: You *are* a librarian, aren't you?

MARISSA manages to nod.

MARISSA: …yes.

The DRUDGE grunts, and cocks its head, as if a little puzzled. It still doesn't seem to notice the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: Right, it's called the TARDIS. Blue cover, slightly battered-looking -

As he says this, he moves forward towards MARISSA, something which takes him mere inches from the DRUDGE. MARISSA immediately reacts.

MARISSA: *Don't get close to it!*

The DRUDGE appears positively bewildered by this, and starts moving its head around, as if trying to catch something it can only see out of the corner of its eye.

DOCTOR: What, him? He doesn't even know I'm here. Look, he's trying to work out who you're talking to.

MARISSA: You don't understand. They don't need eyes. They just -

DOCTOR [dismissive]: Yes, yes, I know. But they can only sense the presence of things they believe in.

The DOCTOR takes a step closer to the DRUDGE.

DOCTOR: They don't believe in things like me. Well… not as solid fact, anyway.

He puts his face right up to it.

DOCTOR: I might as well be invisible.

Abruptly, the DOCTOR spins on his heel, and starts inspecting the books on the nearby shelves. He takes a large, leather-bound tome from the selection.

DOCTOR: Look at that. Newton's "Praxis". Must be the only copy.

He hurls it at the back of the DRUDGE's head. Hard.

The DRUDGE howls in protest, and whirls around, looking for the source of the attack. It comes eye-to-no-eye with the DOCTOR, and pauses, almost as if it's trying to squint at him. They stare at each other, sort of.

MARISSA pulls herself up on her feet.

MARISSA [carefully]: What… do we do… now?

DOCTOR: Good straightforward question. I *could* just push another bookcase on top of him, but I don't want to make a habit of it.

MARISSA: That was *you*?

DOCTOR: Mmm. Now, let's see. What is it that blind, deaf, mute fanatics are scared of?

He looks around, finds another promising-looking book on the shelf, and reaches for it.

DOCTOR: Controversial ideas. Ooh, Hieromimus.

The DOCTOR opens the book wide, and holds it up in front of the DRUDGE's face.

Though it obviously isn't *reading*, the DRUDGE is obviously disturbed by the book's presence. Its head starts to move in sharp, jerky motions, and distressed, gutteral noises emerge from its throat.

MARISSA takes this opportunity to move away from the wall.

The DRUDGE jerks and grunts for a few moments more, then… goes berserk. It swings its club-hands at the book, knocking it out of the DOCTOR's hands. The DOCTOR stands away in alarm.

The DRUDGE goes for the fallen book rather than the DOCTOR. It begins tearing at the pages with hands that have no fingers, ripping away the pages with sheer brute force.

DOCTOR: Not… *quite* what I was hoping for.

The DOCTOR turns to leave, at pace. MARISSA doesn't move.

MARISSA: The book -

The DOCTOR grabs her hand, and pulls her after him.

DOCTOR: We can mourn later.

MARISSA: No, but -

As the DOCTOR pulls her away, there's the all-pervading sound of a chime. Like an enormous, low-pitched bell, buried somewhere in the labyrinth.

21. INT. GALLERY SIDE-TUNNEL

The hooded DRUDGE has managed to get out from under the fallen shelves, and is limping towards the exit, as is OSSAVAR. The DUENNA, on the other hand, is looking up at the ceiling.

The chime rings out again.

DUENNA [to herself]: There's been a violation…

She turns to face OSSAVAR, rather angrily.

DUENNA: There's been damage to one of the books!

OSSAVAR stops, and looks back at her.

OSSAVAR: We have other concerns, yes?

DUENNA: Someone's broken the rules of the Library! If it's been noticed…

OSSAVAR pays no attention, and exits, the DRUDGE behind him.

The DUENNA stands frozen to the spot. Waiting.

Nothing happens. No more chimes. She relaxes.

DUENNA [to herself]: They haven't noticed. They're not coming.

She heads after OSSAVAR.

22. INT. VAULT GALLERY

OSSAVAR emerges from the side-tunnel, DRUDGE at his back…

…just as the DOCTOR and MARISSA enter, from a tunnel on the other side of the gallery.

The DOCTOR freezes. OSSAVAR looks as shocked as he possibly *can* look. They face each other across the floor.

Eventually, the DOCTOR speaks.

DOCTOR: Afternoon.

OSSAVAR stares at him.

DOCTOR: It's a greeting. Makes more sense if… never mind.

The DUENNA hurries out of the side-tunnel, and comes to a stop behind OSSAVAR, looking no less surprised than anyone else. She immediately notices that the DOCTOR and MARISSA are still holding hands.

MARISSA also notices this, and immediately lets go.

OSSAVAR continues to take in the DOCTOR, with a look that might just be recognition. Then he turns his head towards the hooded DRUDGE.

The DRUDGE, which has been rather subdued through all of this, suddenly raises its head. Alert.

DOCTOR: Ah.

The DRUDGE begins to make a terrible growling noise, like an animal that's found its prey.

DOCTOR: They believe in me.

MARISSA: What…?

The growling is coming from two directions at once. The DOCTOR and MARISSA turn, to see that the unhooded DRUDGE is slowly making its way up the passage behind them. "Eyes" fixed on the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: I think I've stopped being mythical.

MARISSA looks at the DUENNA. They make eye-contact. The DUENNA's expression is very nearly… pleading.

MARISSA: But -

DOCTOR: *Run!*

The DOCTOR runs, back towards the gallery entrance. MARISSA gives one last glance to the DUENNA…

…then follows him.

Screaming as loudly as they can through their sealed mouths, the DRUDGES shamble after them.

23. INT. THE VAULT

The platform where they left the barge. The DOCTOR and MARISSA emerge from the gallery. The DOCTOR immediately leaps onto the barge and picks up the pole. MARISSA follows.

DOCTOR: D'you know how to drive this thing?

MARISSA: Yes!

DOCTOR: Good, then it can't be difficult.

One end of the pole lights up, and the barge begins to hum. The DOCTOR sweeps the pole through the air, causing the vehicle to lurch away from the platform, at speed. In the rear of the craft, MARISSA falls over.

The DRUDGES appear from the gallery, but it's too late. The barge is gone.

24. INT. VAULT GALLERY

The DUENNA stands in the passage, staring towards the entrance. She appears more shaken, and more vulnerable, than we've seen her so far.

Then she turns. Behind her, OSSAVAR appears weakened. One hand to his forehead, the other supporting himself with his cane.

DUENNA: Eminence?

OSSAVAR raises his head.

OSSAVAR: It was *him*.

DUENNA: You… know that man?

OSSAVAR: The Great Taker. The thief of all futures. My predecessors… they *knew* this day would come. But I never believed…

He straightens himself up. A new strength.

OSSAVAR: I *must* believe. Yes. *Yes.*

This sudden determination seems to scare the DUENNA, who backs off a little.

DUENNA: If he's an intruder… if he's broken the rules of the Library, then…

But now OSSAVAR is kneeling. He holds the silver cane up in front of him, vertically, and with both hands.

DUENNA: …Eminence?

OSSAVAR says nothing. He raises the end of the cane above the floor.

DUENNA: What are you doing?

With all his might, OSSAVAR strikes the end of the cane against the floor.

The sound vibrates through the gallery, in a way that just isn't natural. An echo that seems to carry on indefinitely. In fact, it's not unlike the noise we heard when the gateway opened and the Quiescence first arrived (in scene 4). The DUENNA nearly falls over.

DUENNA: What are you *doing*?!?

OSSAVAR ignores her. He raises the cane, and strikes the floor again. This time, the vibration is even worse, enough to make the whole gallery ripple.

25. INT. LIBRARY GATE ROOM

There are far fewer librarians here than there were before. Now the reception's over, there are just a few robed figures going about their business, checking the sterile-looking indices that line the walls. The remaining hooded DRUDGES still stand at the top of the marble stairway, but nobody's paying them any attention.

Then the vibration hits the room. The sound of the cane echoes even here, and the walls ripple. The librarians look at each other, confused and worried.

At the top of the stairway, the DRUDGES snap to attention. They raise their heads.

The second vibration arrives.

We see the marble stairway from the bottom, and realise that as the DRUDGES begin to shamble / march down the steps, new heads are appearing over the edge of the disc. More DRUDGES are entering the Library.

Sure enough, we see the disc from above, the impossible staircase spiralling down into who-knows-where. And it's full of lumbering shapes. Hundreds upon hundreds of DRUDGES, lurching in double- and triple-file up the steps, making their way towards the Gate Room.

As the first of the DRUDGES reach the bottom of the marble stairway and cross the Gate Room floor, the librarians step aside, and a few cast anxious glances up at the disc. The reinforcements are coming.

26. INT. VAULT GALLERY

OSSAVAR calmly rises from his kneeling position. Satisfied.

OSSAVAR: We *will* have our birthright. We *will* be made certain.

He rounds on the DUENNA, his fist clenched, his eyes burning. A sudden, terrible passion.

OSSAVAR: *Yesssss!!!*

The look on the DUENNA's face says: *what have I done?*

27. INT. THE LIBRARY

The view from one of the higher balconies, as we look out across the great chasm. On one of the lower levels, we can see the DRUDGES swarming out of a side-entrance, presumably the one that leads to the Gate Room. But they're already spreading to the other levels, slouching up the stairways and making their way across the catwalks. The Library is being invaded.

28. INT. THE LIBRARY

RUNCELL is on another of the balconies (actually the one outside the Archive, if it's possible to tell the difference). He steps out of the Archive entrance, his arms fully-laden with books, the ones that Calum never got around to re-filing. He freezes as he sees the lumpen, deformed creatures down below - some hooded, some not - and shakes his head, not quite believing what's going on.

29. INT. THE LIBRARY

On another balcony, the young ATTENDANT (from scene 4) sees a group of the DRUDGES lurching towards her. Not knowing quite what to do, she opens her mouth to speak to them.

A blunt fist swings through the air and into the wall by her head, cracking the brickwork. The ATTENDANT turns and runs.

30. INT. THE LIBRARY

And from a balcony much higher up the chasm, CALUM watches, as the DRUDGES spread from level to level. He clutches the Book of the World to his body, obviously having no idea what to do.

31. INT. THE VAULT

The barge sweeps along the cavern-tunnel of the Vault, at a rate of knots.

The DOCTOR stands at the prow, happily punting away with the pole. MARISSA sits in the rear of the barge, looking behind them to see if they're being followed. The scenery is little more than a blur in the background.

DOCTOR: Ahh, this take me back.

MARISSA collapses into her seat. She looks as if things have just caught up with her.

MARISSA [mostly to herself]: There's nowhere to go.

DOCTOR: Come again?

MARISSA: There's nowhere to go. She wants me dead. No, not even *dead*. She just… she just wants to keep me quiet.

DOCTOR: Well, to be fair, it *is* a library.

The DOCTOR looks over his shoulder. We get the feeling he's judging her.

DOCTOR: You could always try hiding. It's a very *big* library.

MARISSA [snapping]: She's a Duenna! She can call on the Chief Librarians.

DOCTOR: Then you'll just have to try running.

MARISSA: Where *to*?

The DOCTOR doesn't reply. MARISSA seems to calm down again. From the look on her face, something astonishing has just occurred to her.

MARISSA: I've got to go outside. I've got to leave the Library.

The DOCTOR hears this, considers for a moment… and stops punting. Almost immediately, the barge slows to a stop.

MARISSA panics, and looks behind her again. The DOCTOR turns around to face her, pole still in hand.

MARISSA: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: I'd like to ask you something.

MARISSA: They're going to be coming after us!

DOCTOR: Then you'd better answer me quickly. Marissa, is that your name?

MARISSA: Yes.

She suddenly realises that they haven't been introduced.

MARISSA: Who are -

DOCTOR: Marissa. Have you ever left this library?

MARISSA: No. Of course not.

DOCTOR: You've never been outside?

MARISSA: Not since I was a baby.

DOCTOR: So you weren't born here?

MARISSA [as if it's a stupid question]: I was recruited.

DOCTOR: When you were a baby.

MARISSA: That's how it's done. The Catchmen come for you, and they raise you in the Children's Section. Look, we've got to keep moving -

DOCTOR: Where were you recruited *from*?

MARISSA: I don't know! Only the senior librarians know things like that.

DOCTOR: You're not curious?

MARISSA: Why would I be curious?

The DOCTOR ponder this for a moment.

DOCTOR: Interesting. This library is the only world you've ever known. Leaving it should be completely unthinkable for you. And yet, as soon as you get into trouble… it takes you less than a minute to start talking about going outside.

MARISSA: There's nowhere else I *can* go.

DOCTOR: Mmm. Your friend wants to *understand* the universe. But you just want to *see* it, don't you?

MARISSA: *What* friend?

The DOCTOR turns away, and begins punting. The barge starts whistling along the tunnel again.

MARISSA takes one more glance behind her, then settles down.

MARISSA: You *do* know we're just heading further into the Vault, don't you? There's no exit this way.

DOCTOR: Oh, trust me. I can find an exit anywhere.

MARISSA [realising]: How did you get *into* the Vault, anyway? You didn't have a barge…

DOCTOR: I spelunked.

He looks over his shoulder at her.

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, by the way.

MARISSA: Just a Doctor?

The DOCTOR looks puzzled.

MARISSA: Most people who come down here are Professors.

Facing the front again, the DOCTOR glowers.

DOCTOR: And to think they wanted to sew your mouth shut.

The barge speeds away from us along the tunnel.

32. INT. THE LIBRARY

RUNCELL moves along the balcony, books piled up in his arms. Still somewhat in shock. Cries and warning-shouts can be heard from the chasm below.

A living body, apparently belonging to a librarian, falls past the balcony. Screaming as it goes.

RUNCELL is so distracted by this that he doesn't immediately notice the DRUDGE, which has stepped out onto the balcony up ahead.

The DRUDGE is unhooded. Its padlocks regard him for a moment.

Once he's recovered from the surprise, RUNCELL clears his throat.

RUNCELL: Might I… be of assistance?

The DRUDGE seems to consider this.

RUNCELL: If you're partially-sighted, then we have a wide range of books on telegenic pixo-manuscript -

While he's babbling, the DRUDGE gets fed up and barges forward. RUNCELL panics… but the DRUDGE simply pushes past him, swinging one of its club-arms as it goes.

Though this doesn't damage RUNCELL, it *does* upset the pile of books in his arms. Some of them are scattered onto the balcony, but others are thrown over the railing.

RUNCELL is mortified. He looks over the edge.

RUNCELL: Those books were priceless! We'll *never* get them back now…

The DRUDGE pays no attention, and stomps away from him. RUNCELL shouts after it.

RUNCELL: *Please!* I don't know what you want, but…

The DRUDGE ignores him. But something seems to occur to RUNCELL.

He looks down at the books that lie scattered on the balcony. Bends down to pick them up.

He begins looking at the names on the spines.

RUNCELL [to himself]: Earth…

He picks up the last of them. The one we've seen Calum reading.

RUNCELL: All about Earth…

He ponders for a moment. Looks around, guiltily.

He stands, opens the book, and flips through the pages. Something catches his eye. He begins to read.

CALUM [VO]: And those who had come to seek the missing Earth were puzzled, and asked the Cardinals: "How can this be? How can any man have stolen the entire world?"

33. INT. THE LIBRARY

Another balcony. CALUM walks along its length, the Book of the World held close to his torso, eyes down to the floor. Trying not to notice as the sounds of the invasion drift up from the lower levels.

During this scene, the voice-over continues…

CALUM [VO]: And the Cardinals replied: "This man is more than a man. He bends space and time, as we do, but he knows tricks more cunning than those of the lowest beast."

While this is still going on, CALUM stops dead.

Up ahead, the balcony connects with one of the catwalks that cross the abyss. And there are DRUDGES on it. A whole party of them, slowly shambling across.

CALUM pauses, not sure what to do.

The DRUDGES notice him. They hesitate on the bridge, and turn to face him. It's not nice.

CALUM starts to back away. The closest of the DRUDGES makes "eye-contact" for a moment, and then… lowers its head, a little. As if focusing on something else.

It's noticed the Book.

The DRUDGES begin to move again, more hurriedly now, shrieking in their throats as they cross the catwalk. CALUM turns and runs.

34. INT. THE ARCHIVE

Possibly a different part of the Archive to the one we saw earlier: it seems darker, gloomier, but it's the same basic architecture.

CALUM enters, at pace. He looks around for a place to hide. Heads for one of the bookcases.

CALUM [VO]: "He shapes the dimensions according to his will. He can hide a sun in a box, or conceal whole armies on the head of a pin. Perhaps he has done the same to the Earth?"

The DRUDGES enter. They stand in the entrance for a few moments, as if looking around.

CALUM is concealed behind one of the cases, his back pressed against the books, just out of "sight" of the DRUDGES. He's listening for their grunting, and trying not to breathe too hard.

But the DRUDGES head straight for him.

CALUM hears the footsteps coming closer. He moves along the line of the bookcase, keeping his back to it, head turned towards the gap where the DRUDGES are about to appear.

CALUM [VO]: "But wherever he may have taken it, and however it may be disguised… it *will* be ours."

The DRUDGES come closer, and closer, and closer. As CALUM reaches the end of the bookcase, he realises he 's going to have to make a run for it. (N.B. This is exactly the same point at which the voice-over ends.)

CALUM turns around the corner of the bookcase, planning to run down the aisle -

- and there's a mob of several dozen DRUDGES already standing there, filling that entire aisle.

They face him in silence.

Then, one of them raises its arm. A primitive gesture, towards CALUM's chest. A few of the others follow, their throats trying to express something important.

CALUM holds the Book of the World out in front of him.

CALUM: You know what this is, don't you?

The DRUDGES lower their arms, and quiet themselves. It's clear that they do.

CALUM: I can't let you have it. The Doctor gave it to me. I promised him…

More grunting, off to one side, reminds him of the other DRUDGES who were following him. He turns, and sees them lurching up the side-aisle towards him.

He faces the main group again. They regard him expectantly.

CALUM turns in just about the only direction that's still monster-free, and bolts.

The entire horde of DRUDGES breaks out into a terrible wordless war-cry, and pours along the aisle after him.

35. INT. THE VAULT

The barge pulls up alongside one of the Vault's platforms. It's indistinguishable from every *other* platform we've seen in this tunnel, with a gallery entrance on the far side.

The DOCTOR puts down the pole, and the barge stops humming.

MARISSA: What are you doing?

But the DOCTOR has already hopped off the barge. He stands on the platform, looking around, as if there's something special about it.

DOCTOR: Do you ever get the feeling that someone wants to talk to you? Like there's an old friend somewhere who's trying to get in touch, but doesn't know how?

MARISSA is getting off the barge by now. She shrugs.

DOCTOR: That's how *I've* been feeling. Ever since I came into this Vault.

MARISSA opens her mouth, but the DOCTOR holds up his hand.

DOCTOR: She's close.

With that, he bounds through the gallery entrance. MARISSA follows, less enthusiastically.

36. INT. VAULT GALLERY

Again, not much different to the *last* gallery we saw. The DOCTOR is walking from one side of the passage to the other, looking around, very nearly sniffing the air.

MARISSA enters, arms folded.

MARISSA: You're saying you've got an old friend here.

DOCTOR: Old as they get.

MARISSA: Who?

DOCTOR: The TARDIS.

MARISSA: Isn't that the book you were looking for?

DOCTOR: Not exactly a book -

Then the DOCTOR seems to notice something. Freezes. Whirls around, to face the opposite direction. Towards one of the bookcases.

DOCTOR: *Yes!!!*

He leaps across to the shelves, and we see what's caught his attention.

He's standing in front of an eight-foot-tall, five-foot wide bookcase, in which a large number of volumes have been stacked so tightly that there's no room between them (and no shelves to actually separate them). Each of the volumes is huge, heavy-looking, and has a battered blue spine. Some of them have little black or white markings, but there are no actual titles that we can see.

DOCTOR: Ha-*haaah!*

MARISSA joins him in front of the case. She looks unimpressed.

DOCTOR: The TARDIS. A unique collection, in ninety-six volumes.

He reaches out, removes one of the volumes from one of the higher levels, and passes it to MARISSA. Then he removes a second volume from the middle of the cabinet, and puts it where the first one used to be.

Immediately, the volume melds with the volume next to it. The two books simply seem to merge, the spines running together to make one big jumbo-sized book. Even the markings join up.

The DOCTOR takes the first volume out of MARISSA's hands, and puts it into the slot where the second volume used to go. Again, it melds with the volume next to it.

MARISSA: Is that normal…?

DOCTOR: It is if you know what order to put them in.

Even as he says it, he's moving more of the books around. Some of them he unloads onto MARISSA.

MARISSA: So these books…

DOCTOR: Not really books. I managed to disguise the TARDIS before we were separated.

MARISSA: *Disguise*?

DOCTOR [nods]: Same process I used to hide the Earth. Only I thought it'd be safer to keep the TARDIS in pieces.

While he speaks, more and more volumes are slotted into their correct spaces, and books continue to merge with other books. Sometimes vertically as well as horizontally.

MARISSA: I'm not following any of this.

The DOCTOR nods towards the lower level of books.

DOCTOR: See those down there? Try moving them up to the third row. Only in reverse order.

MARISSA obeys, after only a moment's hesitation. The DOCTOR keeps talking as he works.

DOCTOR: Anyway, the people who built this Library must have found the TARDIS, realised it was valuable, and put it here without really understanding it.

We see more books being slotted into more holes, some by the DOCTOR, some by MARISSA. The contents of the case are looking more and more solid.

DOCTOR: That's the trouble with these big collections. A lot of the good stuff gets missed. But the upshot is, it's taken me a very, *very* long time to find her again.

Yet more close-ups of books melding together. (From the speed at which this is happening, we can assume it's a montage.)

Finally, the work seems to be done. The DOCTOR steps back, looking pleased with himself.

There in front of them, framed by the bookcase, stands the complete TARDIS.

As they watch, the bookcase cracks apart, and falls away from the sides of the box. As if the TARDIS is shrugging it off.

MARISSA looks from the TARDIS to the DOCTOR and back again.

MARISSA: So… you've turned some books into a big blue cupboard.

DOCTOR: Well, that's really just another disguise. Now she looks like a British police box.

MARISSA: And that's good, is it?

DOCTOR: Of course it's good. A ninety-six-volume collection has a certain charm, but personally…

He produces a key from his pocket.

DOCTOR: …I found it very difficult to get into.

He unlocks the TARDIS door, pushes it open, and steps inside without looking back.

DOCTOR: Come on.

The DOCTOR vanishes into the box, leaving MARISSA rather perplexed.

After a moment or two, she realises there's no other choice, and follows him. She, too, vanishes through the doors.

There's a pause.

And MARISSA backs out through the doors.

MARISSA: It's bigger on the inside…

DOCTOR [from within]: Six-hundred and eighty-three.

MARISSA: What?

The DOCTOR's hand emerges from the TARDIS, and he pulls her inside. The doors shut behind her.

Moments later, there's the sound of interdimensional trumpeting, and the TARDIS dematerialises.

37. INT. THE LIBRARY

The balcony outside the Gate Room. A barge has pulled up, and at its prow stands a DRUDGE, clasping the steering-pole in its lumpen hands. The DUENNA and OSSAVAR are in the rear of the barge, and as we join the scene, the DUENNA is alighting onto the balcony. Ignoring the sounds of chaos below her.

She finds RUNCELL waiting for her. She looks irritated. *He* looks agitated.

RUNCELL: Katrin…

DUENNA: Not *now*, Runcell.

RUNCELL looks anxiously at OSSAVAR, still sitting patiently in the barge. Then he takes the DUENNA to one side.

RUNCELL [urgent whisper]: What's going on, Katrin? All these… monsters…

DUENNA: They're *clients*.

RUNCELL: They're terrorising the Library!

DUENNA: Have they broken the rules? Have they eaten in any non-designated areas? Have they damaged any of the books?

Note: the DUENNA sounds less convinced than she did. She knows things are going wrong.

RUNCELL: Not *damaged*, no. The bell would have sounded -

DUENNA: Then nothing's wrong, is it?

She starts to turn away.

RUNCELL: And why all these books about the Earth?

DUENNA freezes. Turns back.

In the barge, OSSAVAR watches with interest… though RUNCELL may not notice this.

DUENNA: What?

RUNCELL: The Earth. It was a planet. It vanished at the end of the first -

DUENNA: I know what the Earth is, Runcell.

RUNCELL: All the books you presented to the Cardinal. They were histories of the Earth.

The DUENNA regards him with suspicion. In the barge, OSSAVAR slowly and quietly rises to his feet.

DUENNA: Have you been *reading* them?

RUNCELL: Well… no. But Calum -

DUENNA [rolls her eyes]: "Calum"…

RUNCELL: Calum was recruited from the Earth.

DUENNA: So?

RUNCELL: I just wondered if that's why he's behaving so strangely. He was carrying a book, and he wouldn't let me see it. He actually ran away from me.

The DUENNA glances over RUNCELL's shoulder, and sees that OSSAVAR is now standing behind him. So is the DRUDGE. RUNCELL hasn't spotted this yet.

DUENNA: A book… that he wouldn't let you see.

RUNCELL: Please, Katrin. You've got to stop this -

OSSAVAR: Unwise, yes?

RUNCELL whirls around… only to be floored by a blow from the DRUDGE.

OSSAVAR produces the silver needle from his robe.

OSSAVAR: One should never speak of such things.

38. INT. THE LIBRARY

We're looking at the higher balconies now. From a distance, we can see an unrealistically large horde of DRUDGES, all congregating on one area: flooding along the balconies, clambering over each other on the stairways, pouring out from the side-entrances. All in pursuit.

On one of the balconies, we find CALUM. Terrified, running, and barely able to breathe. We can see the nearest of the DRUDGES behind him, a whole pack of them shambling as fast as they can, practically falling over each other on the narrow balcony.

CALUM reaches the end of the balcony.

There's a railing in front of him, and no more side-exits. He looks around, desperately.

He realises that another balcony starts just a yard or so beyond the end of this one. Jumping distance.

One last look at the oncoming DRUDGES. No choice.

Tucking the Book of the World into his robe, he climbs over the balcony. Given his obvious vertigo, this isn't easy for him. He looks as if he's going to be sick.

CALUM makes it over the railing, and stands on the very edge of the balcony. He has difficulty keeping his eyes open. It's an infinitely long way down.

The DRUDGES are just a couple of yards away now.

And CALUM jumps, reaching out for the railing on the next balcony.

He grabs it. Topples over it.

The first of the DRUDGES reaches the end of the first balcony, and tries to swing at him across the gap, club-arms thrashing uselessly.

CALUM collapses onto the second balcony. It takes him a while to get to his feet, as he remembers how to breathe.

The DRUDGES start to pile up at the end of the first balcony. Gosh, there are a lot of them. All pushing forward.

CALUM glances back, then looks around. We see that the second balcony is really very small, and there are no exits here, either. However, there *is* one of the narrow catwalks, cutting across the Library (N.B. it's at an angle, so it doesn't cover the full diameter of the chasm). There's a doorway on the far side.

Like all the catwalks, it has no railings. CALUM regards it with an "oh God, not this as *well*" sort of expression.

The nearest of the DRUDGES starts to clamber over the railing of the first balcony, rather clumsily. Its compatriots seem eager to follow.

CALUM steps up onto the catwalk. Very, very tentatively.

We see things from his POV as he looks down. The abyss of the Library, stretching downwards. Forever.

The first of the DRUDGES makes an awkward leap across the gap between balconies. Its club-hands fail to grip the railing, and it slips, falling into the abyss. Its screech hangs in the air after it's gone.

CALUM turns to watch it, probably hoping that he won't need to keep walking.

But other DRUDGES are already climbing over the first railing, and the second one to attempt the jump just about makes it. It manages to grip the railing between its arms, so it's dangling from the second balcony, trying to pull itself up.

CALUM swallows, and keeps going across the catwalk.

Another DRUDGE makes the jump. It grabs the railing, and gets a foothold on its companion, who's still dangling. With typical lack of grace, it begins to haul itself over the railing and onto the second balcony. More DRUDGES prepare to make the leap behind it.

CALUM carries on walking, faster and a little more confidently now, glancing backwards all the time.

Another DRUDGE jumps the gap, then another, then another, all clambering over their colleagues as they cling on to the railing. A big, ugly free-for-all, which nonetheless results in several DRUDGES getting to their feet on the second balcony. The nearest couple of DRUDGES are now about to climb onto the catwalk.

CALUM is nearly halfway across now. He risks one last look back at the DRUDGES, then looks ahead, preparing to move faster.

He freezes.

Ahead of him, the doorway at the other end of the catwalk is already full of DRUDGES.

For a moment, the DRUDGES on the far side just "stare" at him. Unmoving.

Somewhat uselessly, CALUM turns. The DRUDGES behind him aren't moving either. The entire horde has become completely still. They know he's trapped.

Then the DRUDGES on the far side begin to amble forward, onto the catwalk. Slowly. Without making a sound.

CALUM looks from one side to the other. The DRUDGES from the balcony are doing exactly the same thing.

A long-shot of this, just to make it clear that there's really, *really* no way out. One boy, alone on a narrow catwalk, over an infinitely-deep abyss with an army of monsters slowly approaching on either side.

And then CALUM seems to go limp. As if he's accepting the inevitable.

He reaches into the folds of his robe, and produces the Book of the World.

The DRUDGES stop. Recognising the Book.

CALUM looks down at the precious object in his hands.

CALUM: I can't let you have it. I'm sorry.

He looks up at the DRUDGES, first on one side, then on the other.

CALUM: Believe me. I'm sorry.

The DRUDGES don't move. Waiting to see what happens.

CALUM takes a deep breath. Closes his eyes…

…and steps off the catwalk.

He falls into the abyss.

On both sides, the DRUDGES look confused, but remain silent. They move their heads around, as if trying to work out where he went.

39. INT. THE ABYSS

CALUM, literally falling into infinity, face-down. All we can see around us is the architecture of the Library streaking past, so quickly that it's just a great brown blur.

In the middle of it all, CALUM stares down at the endless horror beneath him, and once again presses the Book to his body. His robe whipping around him as he falls.

We hear the echo of his own voice, from scene 7: *"They just keep falling. Forever. Even after they starve to death, they just…*"

We can see that his face is wet, although he's travelling too fast for tears.

Again, the echo of his voice: "*Sometimes you see them. What's left of them. Always falling.*"

He screws his eyes shut. Falling, and falling, and falling.

Except that now, the sound of the air rushing past is replaced by a new noise. A sort of… interdimensional trumpeting.

The architecture is still streaking past, but the brown starts to fade into a new colour. A rather reassuring gold.

And then -

Boing.

40. INT. TARDIS MAINTENANCE ROOM

A dome-like space, much like the TARDIS console room, in the same fashion. It has the same hexagonal patterns in the walls, the same coral-like supporting beams, the same sense of a warm, intimate space. Plenty of exposed cables poking out of open panels, as if someone's done a lot of repair work here but hasn't tidied up properly.

There's also a wide hexagonal shaft in the ceiling, and an identical hexagonal shaft in the floor: we get the impression that this is some sort of huge maintenance duct, and that the room intersects it. There's also a great big bouncy net stretched across the shaft in the floor, to catch anything that falls out of the shaft in the ceiling.

CALUM has just dropped into this net. Now he's involuntarily bouncing up and down on it, looking rather confused.

Once he's stopped bouncing, he sits up.

We realise that MARISSA is standing in the room, next to the doorway.

MARISSA: I should've known *you'd* have something to do with this.

CALUM looks around. Disbelieving.

CALUM: Where *am* I?

MARISSA: You're inside the TARDIS.

CALUM: TARDIS…?

During the next few lines, CALUM stumbles out of the net and onto the floor.

CALUM: I thought that was a book.

MARISSA [still quite cynical]: Yeah, well, now you're inside it. The Doctor says he materialised it around you. He says he knew where you were, because you're carrying the Book.

CALUM: "Materialised"…?

MARISSA: I don't think we're in the Library any more.

She indicates the doorway, then turns to leave.

MARISSA: He's waiting for you in the console room.

CALUM: "Console room"?

MARISSA exits. CALUM follows.

41. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

As ever.

The DOCTOR stands at the console, tapping away at a keypad. As we join the scene, we see the little display screen that's set into this section of the console: it's displaying what looks like a diagram of a female human body, alongside a whirling illustration of a DNA molecule. There are no words, but a small red cross lights up in a way that suggests "no match found". The DOCTOR's tapping doesn't seem able to change this.

MARISSA enters, through a doorway on the far side of the console room, followed by CALUM.

CALUM looks around with the usual level of curiosity, the Book of the World still in his hands. However, his gaze soon settles on the DOCTOR, on the other side of the room.

The DOCTOR looks up from the display screen. He gestures at the console room around him, in a "well, what do you think?" way.

CALUM takes one more good look around. MARISSA stands to one side, rather sulkily.

CALUM: This is the TARDIS?

DOCTOR: Yes. It is.

CALUM: It's not a book, then?

DOCTOR: More a sort of narrative device.

MARISSA: He's been talking like that ever since he brought me here.

CALUM: A device…?

DOCTOR: A device. For going anywhere.

CALUM: Anywhere.

DOCTOR: Anywhere in space and time, yes.

CALUM: I don't understand. When you say "going"…

MARISSA: It can take us out of the Library.

DOCTOR: Think of it this way. The books in the Library can show you anything, true? Anything in history, anything in geography.

CALUM nods, a bit uncertainly.

DOCTOR: Well, so can the TARDIS. It just takes your body as well as your mind, that's all.

MARISSA: Except that on the outside, it looks like a box.

CALUM: What?

MARISSA [shrugs]: Don't ask me.

But CALUM has realised something. He looks at the DOCTOR. Hard.

CALUM: You bend space and time.

DOCTOR: I've been known to.

CALUM: You shape the dimensions according to your own will.

DOCTOR: On occasion.

CALUM: You can conceal whole armies on the head of a pin.

The DOCTOR raises his hand, and jiggles it from side to side. "A bit."

MARISSA: What are you talking about?

CALUM ignores her, and indicates the TARDIS around him.

CALUM: So if you can keep all of this in a box…

The DOCTOR nods, encouraging him to carry on. CALUM holds the Book up in front of him.

CALUM: …then what about this?

DOCTOR: The Book of the World.

MARISSA [realising]: That's what the Cardinal's looking for…

DOCTOR: Yes. **[To CALUM.]** You know what it is?

CALUM: I think so. It's the Earth, isn't it?

MARISSA: The *Earth*?

She looks from CALUM to the DOCTOR. The DOCTOR says nothing.

MARISSA: The Earth was a planet. It vanished, or something.

CALUM: It's here. It's hidden in this book.

MARISSA: A whole planet? In a book? That's…

She decides to tone down her disbelief.

MARISSA: …not very likely.

CALUM: It's no more unlikely than *this* place.

DOCTOR: Oh, this place is *much* more unlikely. You're right, though. I used the same technology that built the TARDIS. Strictly speaking, that sort of thing shouldn't be possible any more, but… needs must.

CALUM: You stole the world.

DOCTOR: Yes.

CALUM: But… why?

The DOCTOR hesitates.

Then he leans against the console. Sighs. This isn't easy for him.

DOCTOR: Because it was doomed.

CALUM and MARISSA just look at him. That isn't good enough. Reluctantly, he goes on.

DOCTOR: Something bad happened. So bad, even I couldn't stop it.

CALUM: The Quiescence?

DOCTOR: No, *much* worse than that. **[Reflective, now.]** Taking the whole of causality apart. And the Earth was next for the chop.

MARISSA: So you just took it.

DOCTOR [more brightly]: So I just took it. Out of space, out of time, out of certainty. Leaving a great big hole in the history of the universe. Believe me, it's not something I'd do lightly.

CALUM: All the people…

DOCTOR: Six-billion of them. Not to mention all the cats and dogs and dolphins and chimpanzees and salamanders and cuttlefish. All of them kept in that book, waiting to step off the page and be real again. Or swim, in the case of the cuttlefish.

CALUM stares at the book in his hands, looking rather scared. The DOCTOR turns his attention back to the console, and starts messing around with the controls.

DOCTOR: Of course, once I'd done *that*, things got awkward. I got separated from the TARDIS, and… well, it's a long story.

CALUM: And you gave it to me.

DOCTOR: Yes, I'm sorry about that. I thought it'd be safer with you.

CALUM: No you didn't.

The DOCTOR freezes. Looks up at CALUM.

CALUM: You wanted me to open it. You wanted someone else to *know*.

The DOCTOR considers for a moment. Judging the situation.

DOCTOR: You're right. I did.

CALUM: Why me?

DOCTOR: I told you. In a sense, it's your property.

CALUM looks blank.

DOCTOR: You come from Earth. Probably just a few years before I stole it.

He faces MARISSA.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure about you. I'm trying to make sense of your bio-signature, but it's a bit on the odd side.

MARISSA: Thanks.

DOCTOR: You're welcome.

MARISSA: Look… I hate to spoil this for the two of you. But what happens now?

The DOCTOR stares at her.

MARISSA: You've got your "TARDIS" back. We've just got the Cardinal waiting to…

She waves her hands around, not knowing how to put it into words.

DOCTOR: Stitch you up?

MARISSA [rather irritated by this]: …stitch us up. So what next?

The DOCTOR nonchalantly picks at the console.

DOCTOR: Weeeell… like you said. I can always take you out of the Library. The book's safe, and that's the important thing. There's nothing to stop us getting out of here whenever we like.

MARISSA: You mean, we can just go? Now?

The DOCTOR looks up at CALUM. Seriously.

DOCTOR: You're the one with the Book. What do *you* think?

CALUM looks at the Book. Then at MARISSA. Then at the DOCTOR.

CALUM: No.

MARISSA glares at him.

CALUM: We can't go. Think about the Library.

MARISSA: Calum, the Library doesn't *want* us any more.

CALUM [snapping]: Have you seen what they're doing? They're ripping everything apart. What's going to happen when they can't find the Book?

MARISSA: It's not our responsibility any more -

CALUM: What about the others? What about all our friends in the Spireside Wing? I don't want *them* having their faces sewn up.

MARISSA: There's nothing we can do! We can't stop a whole army!

CALUM takes this in. Slowly, he turns to the DOCTOR.

CALUM: *You* can.

The DOCTOR still regards him with a serious expression.

DOCTOR: And that's your decision?

CALUM nods.

The DOCTOR looks happy.

DOCTOR: I had a feeling you'd say that.

His hands start jumping across the console, setting a new course.

MARISSA gives CALUM a dirty look.

42. INT. THE LIBRARY

The balcony outside the Gate Room. From below, the sounds of Drudge-horror are worse than ever.

RUNCELL is crouched down in the corner of the balcony, rocking backwards and forwards like a sobbing child, making a sound of distress which doesn't require any lip-movement. At least, we *assume* it's RUNCELL: it's wearing his robes, but as we join the scene, OSSAVAR is placing one of the Drudge-hoods over the figure's head. We glimpse skin, pale and unusually lumpy, as the hood is put in place.

OSSAVAR does this rather tenderly, and touches RUNCELL on the shoulder in a display of reassurance.

Then he turns. The DUENNA is standing behind him, shock and anger on her face. At least one DRUDGE is in attendance.

DUENNA: You didn't have to do that.

OSSAVAR: Things are… *safer* this way, yes?

OSSAVAR begins to move away along the balcony.

DUENNA: This isn't what we agreed!

OSSAVAR ignores this, and hobbles past her.

DUENNA: *Cardinal!*

This outburst causes OSSAVAR to stop in his tracks. Realising she may have gone too far, the DUENNA goes to his side, and speaks more quietly.

DUENNA: This isn't what we agreed. I… *believe* in what you do. I'd burn half the Library, if I could. If finding the Book makes things easier, then I *believe* -

OSSAVAR: Good. *Good*.

OSSAVAR pats her hand. The DUENNA visibly flinches.

DUENNA: But not this! This is making things *worse*.

OSSAVAR turns his massive head to look her in the eye.

OSSAVAR: You see too much. Yes?

A look of horror on the DUENNA's face. We immediately assume that she recognises the threat, except…

…she's looking over OSSAVAR's shoulder. OSSAVAR realises this, and turns.

The DUENNA is looking up at the artificial eye that hangs above the balcony (as in scene 5). The big black iris of which now seems to be moving. Surveying the area.

It focuses on OSSAVAR, and half-blinks. The DUENNA instinctively retreats.

And then, surprisingly, the eye speaks.

DOCTOR [comms]: Cardinal!

OSSAVAR tilts his head. Curious. The DUENNA just looks bewildered.

DOCTOR [comms]: You know who I am?

OSSAVAR nods, once.

43. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

The DOCTOR stands in front of the little display screen, which now shows us OSSAVAR, as if seen through the lens of the eye. CALUM and MARISSA stand by, looking rather worried by all of this.

DOCTOR: I've patched my TARDIS into the Library's security system. I can see you, but you can't see me. Although to be honest, I think you've got the better half of the bargain.

CALUM and MARISSA exchange glances. This isn't like anything they're used to.

OSSAVAR [comms]: You came for the Book, yes?

44. INT. THE LIBRARY

DOCTOR [comms]: I've *got* the Book. I've *always* had the Book.

OSSAVAR [a trace of anger, now]: We tracked it here. We divined its presence -

DOCTOR [comms]: You think I'm lying?

OSSAVAR considers this, then relaxes.

OSSAVAR: Wherever you take it, we shall follow. Wherever you run, we shall be in your wake.

He says this quite confidently, as a matter of fact rather than as a threat.

DOCTOR [comms]: Yeees. Do you know, I think I believe you? Which is a nuisance, because I don't want *you* making a mess of half the universe.

The eye blinks. A tense moment of silence.

DOCTOR [comms]: All right, there's nothing else for it. We're going to have to negotiate.

OSSAVAR: Negotiate…?

OSSAVAR turns to the DUENNA, to see what *she* makes of this. She shakes her head, mutely.

OSSAVAR turns back to the eye.

DOCTOR [comms]: Let's meet up.

45. INT. THE LIBRARY

Pan across the chasm of the Library, just to establish how bad things are. The DRUDGES occupy every balcony, every stairway, every gallery. Any human beings we see are either running or falling, yet the DRUDGES seem confused and aimless, looking for something which no longer exists.

46. INT. GATE ROOM

Now completely deserted, although the gateway remains open at the centre of the room (i.e. the disc is still horizontal).

With its usual fanfare, the TARDIS materialises. It lands at the top of the marble stairway, just in front of the disc.

47. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

CALUM and MARISSA stand near the main doors, CALUM still holding the Book. The DOCTOR remains by the console.

DOCTOR: Ready?

CALUM nods. MARISSA shrugs.

The DOCTOR presses the door control. The doors swing open.

He turns to leave, and the others go to follow him. But as he reaches the doors, something occurs to him.

DOCTOR: Oh, wait…

He hurries back to the console.

DOCTOR: Defences.

MARISSA: Defences?

The DOCTOR looks down at one of the control panels, as if searching for something there.

DOCTOR: The TARDIS is insured against fire, flood, and theft.

He finds what he's looking for, and presses a single switch.

DOCTOR: Or not. Depending on whether that switch is up or down.

Satisfied, he heads back to the doors.

48. INT. GATE ROOM

The DOCTOR emerges from the TARDIS, and hops down the steps. He looks around, making the most of the open floor by whirling around with his arms stretched wide.

CALUM and MARISSA follow him out, less enthusiastically. They remain on the steps.

The DOCTOR cups his hands to his mouth, and shouts up towards the ceiling. Since the ceiling of this chamber is so high as to be out of sight, there's quite an echo.

DOCTOR [calling]: *Hellooooo!*

MARISSA: There's nobody here…

DOCTOR: Typical. You arrange a life-or-death confrontation with someone, and they can't even be bothered turning up.

And then, the outlines of dark, semi-human heads appear over the edge of the disc. A line of DRUDGES marches into view, up from the impossible staircase inside the disc, to stand in a row behind the TARDIS.

It takes CALUM and MARISSA a few moments to notice. When they do, they quickly scutter down the marble steps.

The DRUDGES line up along the edge of the disc, then remain absolutely still.

At the far side of the chamber, OSSAVAR enters, through the only doorway. The DUENNA is by his side - now rather subdued - and another horde of DRUDGES is at his back.

OSSAVAR stops a few yards in front of the DOCTOR. They face each other, while MARISSA nervously eyes up the creatures that surround them on both sides. The DOCTOR looks over his shoulder at her.

DOCTOR: It's all right. You're not important.

MARISSA: You don't *have* to keep saying things like that.

OSSAVAR: You wish to negotiate, yes?

CALUM tightens his grip on the Book. OSSAVAR notices this, but turns back to the DOCTOR.

OSSAVAR: You must realise… the book is rightfully ours. Yes?

DOCTOR [false smile]: And *you* must realise there's no point trying to persuade *me* of anything. *Yes…*?

A horrible rumbling comes from OSSAVAR's throat. And from this point on, he speaks in his *real* voice: far more troubling, far less human than the voice he's used so far, without any pretence at being reassuring.

OSSAVAR: Very well.

The DUENNA looks startled. The DOCTOR notices her.

DOCTOR: And that must be the Duenna. I assume you're still *technically* in charge here?

DUENNA: …yes…

The DUENNA looks from OSSAVAR to the DOCTOR.

DUENNA [more confidently]: Yes!

DOCTOR: Good. I'd like to make a complaint.

The DUENNA looks at him as if he's mad. Understandably.

DOCTOR: I mean, I *am* a client of this Library. I'm planning on taking, ooh, ninety-six volumes out today.

The DUENNA gives an apologetic look to OSSAVAR.

DUENNA: Strictly speaking, I do have to -

OSSAVAR glares at her.

DUENNA [meekly]: …it's in the rules…

DOCTOR: What, so there's no rule against clamping people's eyes shut, but there's a rule about customer service? This place is like a supermarket.

He starts pacing the floor.

DOCTOR: And to be honest, that's what I want to complain about. Does anybody ever actually *read* the books in this place? I mean, actually, properly read them?

DUENNA: The collection is at the disposal of all our clients -

DOCTOR: And who *are* your clients? People like him?

He indicates OSSAVAR, who responds by blowing a small puff of smoke through his nostrils.

DOCTOR: "Military strategists"? Private collectors, who just want to know what's missing from their coffee-tables? Any ordinary, intelligent person tries to read something just for the hell of it, and your friend there sews their faces up. Even *he* only came here because he wants a book that'll help him make everyone else's lives a misery.

OSSAVAR: The Book *is* ours.

CALUM: Why -

As CALUM speaks, all eyes turn to him. He shrinks back, but carries on anyway.

CALUM: Why does he keep saying it's theirs?

OSSAVAR: The Book is the Earth. The Earth is our heritage.

CALUM: You're human…?

DOCTOR: His ancestors were human. Remember what I told you? When I took the Earth, it left a great big hole in history. It means the destiny of the human race isn't certain any more. There are all sorts of possible futures. *Ghost* futures, if you like. Different ways that things might turn out, once the Earth gets put back.

OSSAVAR regards him levelly. His snout's really smoking now.

DOCTOR: And that's all the Quiescence are. A possibility. One of the many… many… *many* things that human beings might turn into.

He walks right up to OSSAVAR. Looks him in the eye.

DOCTOR: In a way, Cardinal, I created you. I really am very sorry about that.

MARISSA: You're saying… he's a ghost?

The DOCTOR backs away from OSSAVAR, but retains eye-contact.

DOCTOR: A ghost. A half-life. A work of fiction. That's why you want the Book, isn't it? So you can put the world back in *just the right way* to make sure you come into being.

OSSAVAR: We *will* be real. We *will* be certain. This we believe.

Still looking straight at OSSAVAR, the DOCTOR holds out his hand towards CALUM.

DOCTOR: Calum?

Hesitantly, CALUM steps forward. He puts the Book in the DOCTOR's hand.

The DOCTOR holds the Book up in front of his face. OSSAVAR watches, warily.

DOCTOR: So. What happens if I destroy it?

CALUM: You *can't* -

CALUM steps forward, but MARISSA holds him back. She shakes her head.

While everyone's attention is occupied, one of the DRUDGES behind OSSAVAR begins to sidle around the room, behind the DOCTOR. Nobody notices this.

OSSAVAR: You… would never do such a thing.

DOCTOR: Not the whole book, maybe. But what if I start tearing the pages out, one by one? How long 'til I tear out the part of the world where *your* ancestors live?

OSSAVAR: You would kill millions…

DOCTOR: Better than letting them end up like you.

The DOCTOR puts his fingers inside the cover of the Book, without fully opening it. Takes one of the pages between his thumb and finger, and gives it an experimental tug.

CALUM looks horrified.

OSSAVAR hesitates.

The DOCTOR doesn't relent. He tugs a little harder at the pages of the Book.

OSSAVAR starts to raise his hand, as if to stop him. Then lowers it again. Uncertain.

There's the tiniest little tearing noise from inside the Book…

…and CALUM is shaking his head, but he can't look away…

…and MARISSA is gritting her teeth…

…and OSSAVAR pauses, just a moment longer…

…then backs down. All the tension seems to go out of his hunched body.

He nods, as if acknowledging that he's lost. Then begins to turn away.

The DOCTOR lowers the Book. CALUM relaxes. So does MARISSA.

As OSSAVAR turns, he glances at the DRUDGE who's been sneaking up behind the DOCTOR. Just glances.

Everything suddenly happens very, very fast.

The DRUDGE lunges forward, swinging its arm at the DOCTOR.

MARISSA calls out a warning…

MARISSA: *Doc-*

The DOCTOR ducks. The DRUDGE's arm swings over his head.

OSSAVAR swivels around, with a speed we don't expect from him. Aiming his cane at the DOCTOR.

The cane smashes into the DOCTOR's arm. This *hurts*, and his expression shows it.

More importantly, the Book of the World flies out of his hand and onto the floor. So does the cane.

CALUM moves forward, towards the fallen Book. The DRUDGE instantly lumbers around to face him. CALUM falls back.

The DOCTOR glances up at OSSAVAR, then towards the Book. He's about to dive for it, when…

OSSAVAR's head swivels towards him, his enormous jaw falls open, and a spray of fire sweeps across the floor in the DOCTOR's direction.

This isn't just the sort of jet you get from a flamethrower. It's a massive, solid-looking cone of flame, exactly as we saw it in the story-book version. The DOCTOR falls to the ground and rolls away from it, narrowly avoiding an incineration.

Even the DUENNA looks shocked. She tries to step back, but her way is barred by DRUDGES.

OSSAVAR lurches towards the Book. The DOCTOR's roll takes him to the spot where the silver cane fell, and he grabs it as he springs back onto his feet.

DOCTOR: Cardinal!

Halfway to the Book, OSSAVAR's head swivels around to face him.

The DOCTOR leaps up onto the marble stairway, in front of the TARDIS, raising the cane above his head with a flourish. It looks more like a distraction than anything, as if he's about to shout "en garde".

OSSAVAR glances, briefly, at the DRUDGES on the edge of the disc. (N.B. This should *literally* take less than a second.)

Instantly, the DRUDGES shuffle backwards, away from the TARDIS.

OSSAVAR opens his jaw again, and another cone of fire sweeps across the room. Aimed right at the stairway.

Expecting this, the DOCTOR jumps to one side. The flame blasts across the surface of the TARDIS.

The DOCTOR lands on his feet. He draws back the cane, as if to wield it in a charge against OSSAVAR.

He doesn't see the oncoming fist of the DRUDGE until it smashes into his chest.

The DOCTOR falls, winded and obviously in pain.

CALUM and MARISSA look on, but the DRUDGE is between them and the DOCTOR, and there's nothing they can do.

The fight appears to be over. Everything slows down. At his more usual pace, OSSAVAR hobbles the last couple of steps towards the Book.

CALUM looks between the Book and the fallen DOCTOR. MARISSA has noticed something else.

The TARDIS is burning. Around it, the DRUDGES on the edge of the disc don't seem at all bothered.

OSSAVAR leans forward to pick up the Book.

OSSAVAR: Yes.

He lifts it in both hands. He's actually trembling.

OSSAVAR: *Yes.*

He raises it above his headpiece. Triumphant.

OSSAVER: *YEEEE-*

This outburst is interrupted by a sudden, inescapable sound. Like a great bell, ringing inside the earth. It echoes through the entirety of this huge, cylindrical chamber. (It is, of course, the same bell we heard in scene 21.)

OSSAVAR looks around, startled.

The DUENNA gazes up at the non-existent ceiling. Her expression is one of pure terror.

DUENNA: The Bell…

On the floor, the DOCTOR is groaning. The DRUDGE is rather caught up in other things, and MARISSA - being closest - ducks around it to get to him.

The bell tolls again, louder this time. There's something else now, though. The sound of a rising wind. And up above, the pale blue light is becoming brighter. CALUM looks up with almost as much alarm as the DUENNA.

DUENNA: There's been a violation. They've noticed…

OSSAVAR looks at her. Waiting for an explanation.

CALUM: They're coming.

OSSAVAR looks from the DUENNA to CALUM. Then upwards.

All around the room, the DRUDGES appear anxious. Gurgling to themselves. "Looking" around, for an enemy they can't see.

The bell tolls a third and final time, louder than ever. It's as if it breaks a storm.

Immediately, a great wind begins to blow around the circular chamber. It batters everyone present. It unsettles the DRUDGES. It even starts to dislodge the indices from the walls. Up above, the light is growing brighter.

MARISSA has helped the DOCTOR to his feet. He still looks rather pained.

DOCTOR [to everyone]: Ah… maybe I should mention. That TARDIS?

He indicates the TARDIS. It's still burning, the flames being buffeted by the wind. The DRUDGES around it are getting nervous. Throughout the rest of this scene, the wind grows fiercer, and the light grows brighter.

DOCTOR: It's still part of this Library's collection. Officially, anyway. It's not as if I ever checked it out.

MARISSA: You said it couldn't be burned…

The DOCTOR gives her a look. The penny drops.

MARISSA: The switch. You turned the defences *off*, didn't you?

OSSAVAR stares at them, uncomprehending.

DOCTOR: You've just set light to a valuable piece of Library property. I think someone's going to notice that, don't you?

DUENNA [absolute horror now]: The Chief Librarians…

OSSAVAR looks up, at the ever-growing light overhead, as the wind begins to rip the books from the walls and hurl them around the chamber. It looks, for all the world, as if something's descending from Heaven.

Then he holds the Book up in front of his face.

OSSAVAR: Let them come. We have the Book.

He whirls around to face his DRUDGES. Despite his triumph, they're still confused and grunting, their squeals growing louder to make themselves heard over the wind. He holds the Book out towards them.

OSSAVAR: *We have the world!*

At which point, CALUM leaps on him.

OSSAVAR is so surprised by this that he doesn't even have time to hit back. CALUM knocks him over, reaching out for the Book. They collapse on the floor together as CALUM takes a deep breath, and manages to pull the Book open -

- an all-engulfing flash -

49. EXT. F/X SHOT

Space. The Earth hovers in front of us, bright and blue against the darkness.

Absolute silence. Not even a sound effect. Just OSSAVAR and CALUM, hanging in the vacuum. The Book is nowhere to be seen.

The two combatants are locked together in a death-grapple, OSSAVAR's claws in CALUM's arms. They're face-to-face, CALUM staring right into OSSAVAR's eyes. CALUM struggles to free his hands.

OSSAVAR's jaw slowly opens. Preparing to breathe fire.

CALUM panics - remember, he's still holding his breath - and tries to turn away.

The jaw opens fully, and…

…a tiny, silent, and utterly pathetic wisp of smoke emerges from OSSAVAR's mouth.

OSSAVAR looks rather taken aback. CALUM seizes the advantage, and frees his arms.

He reaches up for OSSAVAR's headpiece, and grips it in both hands.

OSSAVAR realises what he's doing, but too late. CALUM rips the mask away.

We don't see what's underneath, because as the mask comes free, OSSAVAR pulls back. As his body detaches from CALUM's, we just see a brief outline of the Cardinal's unmasked head. Gasping for breath.

CALUM lets the mask float away, and with his face turning blue, mimes the action of closing a book.

Another flash -

50. INT. THE GATE ROOM

- and the silence is replaced by the utter cacophony of wind and shrieking. The index-volumes from the walls are whirling around the chamber in a miniature tornado, fast enough to crack the skull of anyone who gets in their way. The DRUDGES are going berserk, their senses confused, swinging their arms and often hitting each other. The light from above is more powerful than ever.

CALUM finds himself on his hands and knees in the middle of the floor, the Book of the World in front of him. He desperately breathes in air, and looks up.

The wind has blown out the fire of the now-scorched-looking TARDIS. The DRUDGES around it are falling back, toppling into the disc, some of them trying to cling on to the edge with their lumpy arms.

The DOCTOR and MARISSA are sheltering by the side of the stairway, keeping their heads down to avoid the books as they fly overhead.

The DUENNA is still on her feet, dodging the arms of the whirling DRUDGES, finding no place to hide. Her eyes are still turned upwards.

OSSAVAR has also returned from space. He's crawling across the floor, his back hunched, his face hidden from us. He's crawling towards the headpiece which lies on the floor just a few yards away.

CALUM reaches out for the Book.

Meanwhile, MARISSA is squinting upwards. We see what she sees: not only is there now a brilliant blue glow above them, but there are definitely *shapes* in the glare. Solid-if-nebulous outlines, resolving out of the light.

The DOCTOR follows her gaze. (What with the tornado, they have to raise their voices to make themselves heard in this next exchange.)

MARISSA: It's them, isn't it? It's the Chief Librarians.

DOCTOR: I should think so. What do they look like?

MARISSA: I've never seen them. *Nobody* ever sees them.

The DOCTOR looks across the room, and nudges MARISSA.

DOCTOR: Help Calum.

CALUM is currently huddled up in the middle floor, defending the Book as the DRUDGES go berserk around him.

MARISSA looks reluctant, but doesn't argue. She heads for the middle of the room.

The DOCTOR, meanwhile, climbs onto the marble steps. He has to hold on tight to avoid being blown away.

Across the room, we see the DUENNA stumbling in the general direction of OSSAVAR, glancing upwards as she goes. Above her, the shapes continue to resolve out of the light. Bodies that might, in some way, be humanoid. Outlines that might be extended limbs, or wings, or heads even stranger than the Cardinal's.

The DUENNA shakes her head at them. *I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.*

A clawed hand grasps her ankle.

The DUENNA looks down. A crippled OSSAVAR is holding on to her leg, face still obscured as he crawls on the ground.

We might, perhaps, get the faintest glimpse of something reptilian - crocodilian, even - as he looks up at her. When he speaks, his voice is a terrible croaking sound, only just audible over the storm.

OSSAVAR: Please. Help me. Yes…?

Now the DUENNA just looks numb. She looks to one side, and sees the Cardinal's mask, lying nearby.

Her expression blank, she picks it up.

She stares at it for a moment. When she raises her voice, her voice is empty.

DUENNA: You said everything would be simpler. When you had the world. When the future was yours.

OSSAVAR lets go of her ankle, and lifts his hand, as if to make some reassuring gesture. But he's too weak.

DUENNA: No more poetry. No more history. No more *questions*.

OSSAVAR: Simpler. Yes. *Yes.*

The DUENNA looks up. At the top of the marble staircase, the DOCTOR is clinging on to the side of the TARDIS, holding the doors open. CALUM and MARISSA are vanishing into it.

The DUENNA looks back down at OSSAVAR. She shakes her head.

DUENNA: *No.*

Her rage breaks loose. Her face becomes positively *feral*, and she brings the jewelled headpiece down on OSSAVAR's skull, over and over and over. There are horrible, inhuman splintering noises rather than anything we might associate with flesh and bone, and OSSAVAR's last gurgles are lost in the wind. We can barely even hear the DUENNA screaming at him as she strikes him.

Finally, she stops. She's exhausted herself. Tears of anger on her face, the broken mask in her hands.

She looks up.

In front of her is the TARDIS, still perched on top of the staircase. The DOCTOR stands in its doorway, looking back at her.

His expression is something very much like pity.

Then he steps inside, and closes the doors behind him.

As the TARDIS dematerialises, we see the scene in full: the DUENNA, standing on her own in the middle of the maelstrom, surrounded by DRUDGES who are either falling or fallen. Once again, she looks upwards, as the light overcomes the entire room and the Chief Librarians descend.

51. EXT. F/X SHOT

Space. No Earth this time. We pan across the stars, until we find… the TARDIS. Quietly hovering, and spinning slowly, with perhaps a little fire damage still visible.

52. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

The doors are open. MARISSA stands in front of them, looking out at the void.

MARISSA: So that's it. That's the outside.

DOCTOR: In these parts, we like to call it "the universe". And it's bigger than it looks.

The DOCTOR is at the console again, shaving himself with what appears to be a tiny hand-held laser. CALUM stands on the opposite side, observing the vacuum of space at a distance.

CALUM: We can't go back. Can we?

The DOCTOR finishes shaving, and switches off the beam.

DOCTOR: Would you *want* to?

CALUM looks down at the floor. The DOCTOR turns to his compatriot.

DOCTOR: Marissa?

MARISSA turns to face him.

MARISSA: You've taken our world away from us.

DOCTOR: Yes. I seem to be good at that.

He flicks a switch, and the doors close.

MARISSA: So what are you going to do with us?

DOCTOR: There's bound to be *somewhere* you can call home. It's that sort of cosmos. Remember, the TARDIS can go anywhere. Distance and unlikeliness no object.

CALUM: Anywhere except Earth.

CALUM holds up the Book of the World. The DOCTOR tries not to look bothered.

DOCTOR: Well… Earth in what you'd call the *present*, maybe. But we can always nose around in its past. Even try some of its potential futures.

CALUM: So you're not going to put it back?

The DOCTOR takes a deep breath. He's suddenly serious.

DOCTOR: I can't. Not yet. For now, we're just going to have to keep it safe.

He regards CALUM.

DOCTOR: *You're* going to have to keep it safe. It's your planet.

MARISSA: And what about me?

All eyes turn to her.

MARISSA: You said I had a strange… whatever it was.

DOCTOR: Bio-signature, yes. You're not quite human-normal.

MARISSA: He's found *his* planet. He knows where there are other people just like him, even if they *are* stuck in a book. What about me? Where am I going to fit in?

DOCTOR: I have absolutely no idea.

He goes back to the controls.

DOCTOR: Still. Should be fun finding out, shouldn't it?

MARISSA casts a look at CALUM. *What have we got ourselves into?*

53. INT. THE LIBRARY

We pan across the great chasm of the Library, and everywhere we look, there are the lifeless bodies of DRUDGES. Clogging up the balconies, lying prone on the stairways, drooping out of the galleries.

There are, however, definite signs of human life.

On one balcony, we see the young ATTENDANT. She's carefully picking up fallen books. A DRUDGE is slumped over a nearby railing, and she pauses in her work as she passes it, to give it an experimental prod.

It doesn't move. Looking a little embarrassed, she hurries on her way.

54. INT. THE GATE ROOM

At least, we *assume* it's the Gate Room. All we can see is a great blaze of light. Peaceful now, though, and almost silent. Like being in the presence of angels.

All we can really see is the outline of the DUENNA, a single figure in the middle of the glare. She sits curled up in a ball, protecting her eyes against the brilliance. Her voice, when she speaks, is cracked and broken.

DUENNA: I… only wanted things to be simpler. That's what the Cardinal promised. No questions. No words. Just… believing. Can you imagine… how much *smaller* the Library would be?

She looks up, directly at us. We're seeing her through the POV of her superiors. She has to squint at us.

DUENNA: So… in a way… I did it for you. For all of us. To make things easy. So… easy…

She tails off, and as she fades away, something reaches out for her. Something like a hand. Fingers formed out of light.

The hand caresses her face, and the DUENNA doesn't resist. She closes her eyes.

Within seconds, her entire skin has turned to parchment. Seconds after *that*, she's simply blown away.

Now there's nothing, except vague, half-formed shapes in the light. Possibly - just possibly - reminding us of the nebulous things in the story-book (see scene 11).

And there are voices. Voices that seem as far-away and as insubstantial as their bodies. One bordering on the male, one verging on the female.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN #1: *The Doctor has been here.*

CHIEF LIBRARIAN #2: *His device was in our collection…*

CHIEF LIBRARIAN #1: *Disguised.*

An image begins to appears in the midst of the light. An eye, like one of the eyes on the Library walls.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN #2: *We can learn from this.*

In the centre of the iris, we see the TARDIS. Spinning in the void, just as we last saw it.

CHIEF LIBRARIAN #2: *Learn, and follow.*

The TARDIS dematerialises.